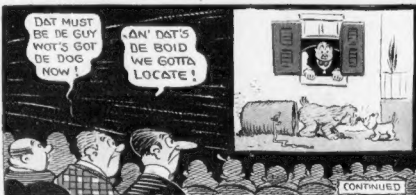
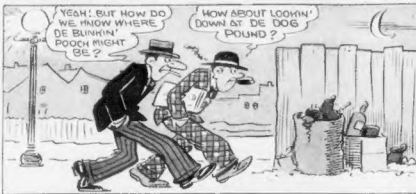


DINGLE-HOOFER UND HIS DOG ADOLPH- BY KNERR

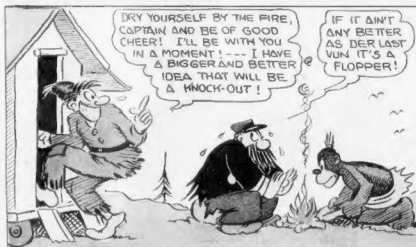
Registered U. S. Patent Office

AFTER DINGY, ADOLPH AND ALFALFA BECAME MOVIE ACTORS, AND COMPLETED THE PICTURE, FROM MUTT TO MONARCH FOR THE BUMF FILM CORP., WE WILL LEAVE THEM FOR A WHILE! ---

AND NOW WE COME TO A PAIR OF SINISTER CHARACTERS HATCHING A DEEP, DARK PLOT! ---



The Katzenjammer Kids



Hear Sunday Advertiser Comics While You See 'Em—On WNAC at 10:15 A. M. Every Sunday

Patent Granted for Most Universal Church Structure



Side View of the Remarkable Church Building as Sketched in the Patent Papers.



"The Saviour in the Garden of Gethsemane," a Famous Painting, Inspired the Idea Upon Which the Church Structure Was Founded. View of the Entrance.



The Cave-Like Passage and the Church Proper as Pictured in This View, Which Is Part of the Patent Diagrams.



THE Office of the United States Patent Office contains thousands of models and documents attesting to the ingenuity of the human mind in the fields of construction and architecture. But few of these duly recorded ideas have the simplicity and appropriateness of a patent for church design recently granted Rode N. Wall, a Canadian citizen living in Vancouver, British Columbia.

It occurred to Mr. Wall that none of the thousands of Christian churches he had seen during his life had glorified the Lord in a strikingly dramatic way. The ancient Greeks erected heroic statues of Zeus, the foremost of the mythical gods who were supposed to inhabit the towering heights of Olympus. Scattered through the Orient are many gigantic and famous figures of

Buddha which, for centuries, have been sacred shrines for the faithful. Why, Mr. Wall wondered, had no one thought of erecting similar tributes to the Founders of the Christian religion? And why could not such a sculptural shrine be incorporated as an integral part of a church?

Being a dynamic individual, Mr. Wall made some rough sketches of his inspiration, patterning the heroic figure of the Saviour which would be the distinguishing feature of his church from a famous painting of the Lord praying in the Garden of Gethsemane on the eve of the Crucifixion. These sketches were sent to patent attorneys who did the necessary research and learned, somewhat to their surprise, that their client had a clear claim to

an idea that should have come to many people because it is so appropriate and so seemingly obvious. The patent papers say nothing about

structural details. They cover only an "ornamental design for a church substantially as shown" in the sketches which are attached to the papers. Such

a church could, of course, be made in many different ways and of many different materials. The structure and its heroic statue of the Lord, which artistically forms part of the walls and roof—and which also provides a "steeple"—might be made of stone, reinforced concrete, or even of wood.

As inventor Wall has conceived his new type of church, the roof and part of the side walls would be made to simulate the appearance of rugged rock and a six-sided tower, at the

rear of the structure, would be all but concealed by the statue of the praying Saviour.

The patent papers, of course, say nothing about dimensions, for the basic idea might be carried out in a small chapel or in an edifice as large as a cathedral.

It is likely that such a church would cost a little more to put up than the usual house of worship, but architects and engineers say that modern methods of construction would not make the cost of such a building prohibitive.

What Will Bring the World to an End?

(Continued from Front Page)

jurious or not, are they the only ones we have reason to fear from our celestial neighbors?

The truth is that there are other possible accidents of this kind the consequences of which would be certainly fatal. But here we must explain that they are almost infinitely less probable than an encounter with a comet. In some cases, which we shall now consider, the world might be the victim, through reaction, of a catastrophe occurring far from it and near the sun. All physical life on the planets is dependent on radiation received from the sun, whether luminous or heat producing, electric or of still unknown character. If the solar production underwent a change, all equilibrium among the planets would be changed. Without knowing exactly the mechanism of all the natural phenomena which control the earth, it can be calculated that an increase of the force which drives it might have very grave effects. Such a supposition is justified by our knowledge of what results from slight changes in the activities of the solar furnace, as reflected in the changes in the sun-spots.

It is admitted that there are relations between certain phenomena on the sun and disturbances of the earth's atmosphere, earthquakes, magnetic storms, polar auroras, and indeed, with certain ailments of the human body. If there should be an unforeseeable and immense change in the mechanism of emission of radiations from the sun, the earth would inevitably be a victim in some way. A considerable elevation of temperature would be disastrous, as would a large increase in the ultra-violet radiations. We might also be gravely affected by an abnormal inflow of electrified particles, or by an increased development of phenomena like the mysterious cosmic rays.

Such results are difficult to forecast, because we know nothing very precise about the nature and origin of the sun's activity. It is, however, reasonable to fear any change which might happen in that system. But we should not be greatly alarmed. Nothing authorizes us to suppose any change is likely to take place in the present solar regime. Aside from small variations, chief among which are the return of maximum and minimum solar activity in a period of eleven years, the sun seems always to have conducted itself in the same way and to be likely to do so to a future so distant that there is nothing to worry humanity. This unchangeability is shown by numerous facts connected with the past history of

the earth, in the field of geology and paleontology, which we shall consider in the next chapter.

Another possibility, which is also quite problematical, may be considered. This would be an occurrence similar to what happened in the case of the temporary stars, whose sudden appearance used formerly to cause great terror. Without our being able to know exactly what is happening, telescopic observation sometimes informs us that a certain star has suddenly changed its brilliancy to a fantastic extent.

Are we to explain this as a terrific collision in the heavens, or the explosion of the burning body of a star? The collision may have been with a dark extinct star, if there was no previous warning of it, or with a mass of nebulous matter also dark. It would be enough if these bodies passed near one another without colliding, that the mighty reciprocal attraction of one upon the other would cause a prodigious explosion.

Such an event might happen on the sun. It is a star like the others, and like them moves with great speed through space, drawing with it our earth and the other planets. It may in the future encounter some obstacle which would only become visible by illumination when it was near enough. Then there would soon be an end to the earth through a great explosion of the sun's mass destroying everything around it.

Humanity, terrified and powerless, would have time to see the inexorable moment slowly approaching, in that case the phrase of Ambrose Pare, concerning people who died from fear at the sight of a comet, would apply with more reason.

We have considered these various events connected with the sun and their fatal consequences on the earth in order to show the scientific point of view concerning the exciting question of what will cause the end of the world. In fact the last catastrophes mentioned must be relegated to the class of possibilities so improbable that there is no reason to be disturbed about them. The stars have plenty of room to circulate in the immensity of space and the few abnormal occurrences recorded may be considered almost non-existent because of the billions and billions of bodies concerned.

The world will, indeed, come to an end, but in a future so distant that it need not disturb anybody today. It will be a natural end, that of old age, resulting from a slow disease of wearing out, which we shall analyze in the next article.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)



Miss Lala Hodgson, a Coed of Weber College, Who Has Just Been Given the Title of "Prettiest Girl in Utah" by a Beauty Jury in Salt Lake City. She Has Black Hair and Brown Eyes. During the Past Five Years Each of Utah's Prettiest Girls Has Been a Brunette.



Is That a Plane Overhead? Or Are the Penguins Turning Up Their Noses at a Lowlier Neighbor? The Photograph Snapped in London's Zoo Affords a Study of the Curious Birds That Seem to Be Doing Their Best to Appear Snobbish. Or Maybe It's a Plane, After All, and They Suspect It of Being Some Sort of Monstrous Hawk.

Garages for Baby Carriages Tenement Problem

LONDON. FOR several years the London County Council has been trying to make life a bit more comfortable and interesting for the workmen by riding certain sections of the British capital of London and replacing these cheerless hovels with modern tenements.

Several such tenements—they really deserve the name of apartment houses—have been put up in the so-called Hammerhead section of the city and they are full of grateful families who appreciate living quarters adequate in size, attractive in arrangement, and properly heated and ventilated.

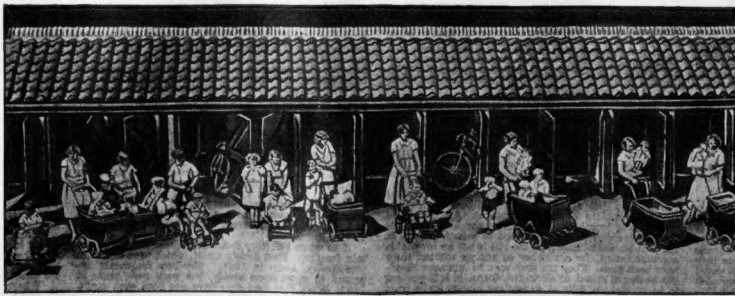
But the members of the London County Council, who keep a paternal eye on the dwellings and the tenants, recently observed that there had been a deplorable oversight in the plans for a number of tenements which comprise a project called Riverside Gardens. The side walls about the apartments were always congested with baby carriages—prams, as they say in England—and the situation almost called for a policeman to direct the traffic when the mothers were taking their youngsters for an airing.

But what was worse than the congestion was the fact that the women had to tote the baby carriages up and downstairs because there was no place to keep them except in the tenements, or in the hallway.

One of the councillors, believing that something should be done about the situation went to Riverside Gardens with an official of the city government, an architect and a landscape gardener. Together, these men studied the problem and promptly arrived at a happy conclusion. In the rear of the buildings was a court of ample dimensions which could comfortably accommodate a string of what they called pram garages.

Such an innovation would make it unnecessary for the mothers to take the heavy carriages up and downstairs and would relieve the tangle of traffic about the apartment buildings. Some of the housewives were consulted and were enthusiastic about the idea.

Because the rents charged for quarters in Riverside



The Baby Carriage Garages Which Have Become an Important Adjunct to the Crowded Residential Districts of London. They Have Been Under Construction for Several Months by the London County Council at Riverside Gardens and Have Proved a Great Convenience for Mothers.

Gardens are so low that there is practically no profit derived from the structures—and because the budget of the County Council was pretty well exhausted—the tenants were asked if they would pay a modest fee for the baby carriage garage until the cost of the new construction was paid. They willingly agreed.

The photograph below shows a dozen of the little garages with several mothers starting out on their afternoon stroll along the banks of the nearby Thames River. Besides being neat and inexpensive, the parking places for the prams are large enough to hold a bicycle—and almost every family in the place has at least one of these two-wheeled vehicles to provide inexpensive transportation.

At the moment the city fathers of London have not the funds that they would like to have to clean up the congested areas of the metropolis and replace thousands of shabby little workmen's homes with light, airy and comfortable tenements. But they gradually are clearing up the slums of Whitechapel, Limehouse and Seven Dials and putting up modern apartment houses on ground that, for years, has been covered with squalid and unhealthy shoddy.

Many of the workmen's projects already in use will be provided with batteries of pram garages like those that have worked out so well in Hammerhead and the plans for tenements not yet erected will include such subsidiary buildings wherever there is room for them.

One eminent architect who has designed some of the apartments for the families of laboring men has drawn up a plan in which the first story of the building is taken up by some fifty cubicles each large enough to hold a pram and bicycle and two bicycles. Another architect, interested in such dwellings, has devised a set of blueprints in which part of the cellar of the buildings has these practical conveniences. Wide entrances cut through the cellar wall provide easy access to the garages.

Builders of privately owned apartment houses are said to be much interested in the innovation and are providing pram garages in apartments now under construction.

The "Zoo" Baby

**Little "Miss Pattie-Sue,"
Interesting Orang-Utan Infant
and Her Nursery, Her
Bottle, Her Doll "Fuzzy"---
And How She Is Being
Brought Up Without
a Monkey-Mother's Care
or Nursing**



The Infant Orang-Utan in Its Crib With the Long Towel Tied So as to Form a Loop for the Little Animal to Cling To.

VISITORS at the quarter-of-a-million-dollar monkey house at the famous St. Louis Zoo are startled to come across a cage fitted out to resemble in every respect the nursery of a child in a wealthy home. Brightly colored doll furniture stands about in characteristic disorder. Three electric globes cast a soft violet light which is not too bright to interfere with baby's necessary long periods of sleep and which would not prove injurious to infant eyes.

In the corner stands a high chair decorated with the usual painted rabbits. A tiny chifforobe displays on its hooks a remarkably complete infant wardrobe. In the very center of the cage nursery is an exquisitely made baby bed.

But if the zoo visitor thought the nursery cage unusual he is in for a real surprise when he approaches close enough to get a glimpse of the occupant of the bed. Nestled on the white pad and rubber sheet, a cloth doll tucked under one arm, is a tiny bit of life, sucking away contentedly at a bottle of milk. A second look is necessary to determine that the baby is not human.

The visitor is not left long in doubt as to the identity of this remarkable infant. A large sign above the unusual nursery cage explains that its tiny occupant is Miss Pattie-Sue, the zoo's baby orang-utan. The sign further gives the interesting piece of information that the higher the form of animal life, that is, the closer the approach to man, the more helpless is the infant offspring. Attention is called to an active little pig-tail monkey in an adjoining cage which is leaping from limb to limb of an indoor tree while Pattie-Sue, only a few days older, can't even crawl.

There are a number of interesting facts about Pattie-Sue for which there is not room on the sign, but which Director George P. Vierheller, of the zoo, is glad to explain.

The monkey is the only living orang-utan born in captivity, being raised apart from its mother. When little Pattie-Sue, named after the niece of a zoo official, came into the world August 15, Mr. Cash Ferguson, in charge of the monkey house, had little hope of saving her life. It was apparent in less than two days that Bimbo, the 75-pound mother of Pattie-Sue, many modern human mothers did not have milk for her offspring and would not be able to nurse it.

Since the infant was an orang-utan, and belonged to one of the four classes of anthropoid apes—that is, like to man infants are. The other three classes of anthropoid apes, it was explained, are the chimpanzee, the gorilla and the gibbon.

But it was one thing to decide to take Pattie-Sue away from its mother and another thing to do it. One obstacle was Pattie-Sue's one-hundred-pound father, Bobby. The zoo attendants had learned from the unhappy experience of Henry Pickett, a zoo janitor, not to tattle with Bobby. Pickett put his hand too close to Bobby's cage one day and lost a thumb. Bobby seized Pickett's wrist in one of his long hairy paws, yanked the startled janitor towards him and bit off the thumb with one snap of his strong jaws. So the first step in taking Pattie-

Sue away from her mother was to get Bobby out of the cage. This was done by opening the sliding door of the adjoining cage, luring Bobby away from his mate and offspring by means of a tasty piece of meat, and then clanging shut the sliding door.

There was still Bimbo, the mother, to be reckoned with. Her white teeth bared, the usually gentle Bimbo fought off every approach. As a last resort Bimbo was lassoed and roped tightly to the bars of the cage. Then while the mother set up a terrific howl and Bobby added to the general din and shook the bars of his prison, little Pattie-Sue was gently torn away from Bimbo's breast.

The zoo attendants had acted just in time. Nearly starved from lack of food the baby orang-utan appeared to be beyond help. Although a full-grown orang-utan sometimes reaches a weight of 200 pounds, the training of when taken from Bimbo weighed only two pounds and two ounces.

Cash Ferguson, one of the attendants known all over the country for his skill in handling monkeys and particularly famous for the training of Sammy and Billy, the zoo's internationally famous boxing apes, was ap-



After Weighing Each Morning in the Baby Scale, the Interesting Creature Gets Her Breakfast From an Infant's Feeding Bottle.



After Being Weighed and Having Her Breakfast, "Miss Pattie-Sue" Is Given a Little Rub With a Towel.



She Settles Herself Under the Covers for the Night, but Always With an Arm Around the Little Doll.

Feeding Schedule on Baby Orang.
6:30 a. m. 3 Tablesp. powdered milk and syrup
9:00 a. m. " 3 tablespoons orange juice
10:30 a. m. " 3 tablespoons milk
12:00 noon " Milk and syrup
1:30 p. m. " Prune juice
3:00 p. m. " Milk and syrup
4:00 p. m. " Prune juice
6:00 p. m. " Milk and syrup (with 1 tablespoon orange juice)
8:00 p. m. " Milk and syrup
11:30 p. m. " Milk and syrup
6:00 p. m. 15 drops cod-liver oil.
9:30 a. m. White tablets in milk.
Pattie-Sue 1 small white tablet.
(Tablets contain calcium-lactate.)

Note: The milk and syrup food is prepared by mixing two tablespoons of powdered milk and 8 tablespoons water and 1 teaspoon corn syrup.
Prune Juice: 50 large prunes to 1 pt. water.

Pattie-Sue immediately began to grow stronger. It was noted during the morning weighing ceremony, at which Ferguson gravely presided while Director Vierheller and the zoo attendants looked on solemnly, that the

"Good-Morning."
Little "Miss Pattie-Sue" Holds Her Pet Doll in Her Arms and Looks Out, Wide-Eyed, at Her Throng of Visitors.

start their teething at about the half year period and since Pattie-Sue has seemed to develop at about the same rate of speed as the human baby it is thought Pattie-Sue will begin teething then.

Since the glass enclosed cage is kept at incubator heat of about 81 degrees all the time there is no need of her wearing clothes, even a diaper. So like many babies in wealthy homes where there are sunny nurseries, Pattie-Sue is allowed to kick about in the nude unhampered by clothes of any description.

When the baby monkey is taken out of her glass cage to be weighed or for some other reason, encountering a change in room temperature, she is warmly dressed in the clothes of which her tiny wardrobe holds a varied assortment of conventional baby clothes.

To assure his little charge of constant care Ferguson was in the habit of taking the baby orang-utan home with him, as already mentioned, and sleeping with it to keep it warm. On these occasions the baby monkey wore a diaper and rubber "nappies."

Undoubtedly many of Pattie-Sue's little human cousins, were they old enough to have any thought in the matter, would be jealous of the baby monkey's exemption from the daily morning bath, which sometimes evokes howls of displeasure from the submerged infant. Little Pattie-Sue has not yet had her first bath. When she grows up she is not likely to change her hairless routine since all monkeys are notoriously water shy.

Many small babies, particularly those which are undernourished or weak, are given frequent olive oil rubdowns by their mothers or nurses. The oil feeds the pores of the skin. "Nurse" Ferguson explains that Pattie-Sue is such a healthy baby that there has been no need for the olive oil treatment.

The infant displayed remarkable strength in the "fingers" of her paws almost since birth. When the baby orang-utan was two weeks old she could support her weight by hanging on to his fingers, Ferguson said. This is explained by the fact that the monkey young cling to their mother's breast while borne through the tops of trees hundreds of feet above the ground.

Pattie-Sue pays little attention to the throng of zoo visitors who are to be seen peering into the baby's nursery cage at almost any hour the zoo is open. Like the normal human child, she is not at all shy.

Although visibly attached to Cash Ferguson, Pattie-Sue bestows most of her attentions during her waking hours, and sleeping hours too, on another. This is "Fuzzy," Pattie-Sue's pretty doll. The baby orang-utan will not sleep unless "Fuzzy" is taken and cries pitifully if "Fuzzy" is taken away even for a few minutes. She refuses to go to sleep unless "Fuzzy" is tucked safely under one of her long spidery arms.

The likable little baby orang-utan, with her bottle and her doll, has become such a favorite at the zoo that she is vying in popularity even with Sammy and Billy the chimpanzees, whose remarkable feats in eating at a table, roller skating and putting on a real boxing match in a miniature ring daily, attract thousands.

Surprising Clue to Edwardsville's Murder Mystery

EDWARDSVILLE, Illinois, is a small community and a peaceful one. It is seldom that the lives of the good people who live there are upset by such violent and anti-social disturbances as murder. But almost every place, however small, has its tragedies of human passion, soon or late, and not long ago murder, unexpected and mysterious, came to Edwardsville.

The crime was discovered when a farmer, mending his fence, saw the body of a man in the water of a shallow stream which runs through Silver Creek Bottoms. The sheriff and his deputies, advised of the grisly discovery, rushed to the scene and, to their consternation, found the still warm remains of Nelson Voss, one of the town's substitute mail carriers, a handsome, upstanding young chap with a wide circle of friends. Voss was a home-loving man with a good-looking young wife and the officers could not imagine why anyone should want to kill him. So far as they knew he didn't have an enemy in the place.

An examination of the body showed that Voss had been shot twice, once with a shotgun and once with a rifle. A gaping hole in his back revealed that whoever pulled the trigger of the shotgun had fired at close range. A smaller hole, close to the collar bone, showed that the murderer, or an accomplice, had sent a rifle bullet into the young man for good and gruesome measure.

Many elements made the killing a mystery that would have tested the ingenuity of the efficient and fictitious Sherlock Holmes: the grass and weeds about the body were not trampled, there was no sign of a struggle; neither of the murder weapons was found, although the officers did pick up the discharged shotgun shell and .22-caliber cartridge; the victim had not been robbed, for his money was found in a pocket and his wrist watch was still running. But the most puzzling clue of all, if it could be called a clue, was an open jack-knife dropped in the bushes. There was no blood on the knife and no wounds on the body to show that the knife had been employed in the deadly attack.

The most baffling aspect of the cold-blooded crime was the apparent lack of motive. The officers could find no one who might have had a reason, real or imagined, for snuffing out the life of a popular young chap who was devoted to his wife and his home.

One lead—connected with the kidnapping of August Lorr, steel bank president of nearby Alton, Illinois—kept the officers busy for awhile. They deduced that the ransom money on the way to the kidnappers might have been



Stella Christoff, Whose Sudden Revelations Upset the Theories of the Police and Cleared Up the Mystery of the Rural Postman's Slaying. At Her Left, Is Her Younger Sister, Sophia, Who Was an Important Witness at the Trial.

in Voss's mail bag and might have moved the criminal to waylay the mail carrier to avoid calling for the money at some spot where they might be double-crossed. But this flimsy clue led nowhere.

Work on shell and cartridge offered little to help because they were of standard make. Everyone in town who went hunting used such equipment. The officers were thrown back on the jack-knife—which had not played an active part in the killing—and by some clever doubling which would have done credit to the astute operatives of Uncle Sam's Secret Service they picked up the obscure trail that led to the murderer.

Quietly, but thoroughly, they canvassed the town. They finally learned that the knife did not belong to Voss

and probably had not been used as an attempted means of defense. It was one of six pocket knives of identical design that, some time before, had been given to as many boys of the neighborhood by a kind-hearted Sunday School teacher.

One by one the boys had received the knives from the woman who dispensed worldly presents with the Holy



The Hand-Propelled Baby Cart Invented by Mrs. W. Beard, an Invalid, Who Is Unable to Walk and Push a Perambulator in the Orthodox Way.

taching the tonneau of a pram, as they call a certain type of baby cart in England, to her rolling chair.

A mechanic attached the baby container between the two large front wheels of the chair, which is heavy enough, with the weight of the mother, to keep the augmented vehicle from being thrown out of balance. Two handles, within comfortable reach of Mrs. Beard's hand, motivate two continuous chains which are attached to cogged wheels at the hubs of the large wheels. The mechanism is so arranged that the handles can be turned with little effort. The odd wheel chair-baby carriage is complete even to a shopping bag carrier and electric headlight.

Tired of Pushing a Baby Cart?

MRS. W. Beard of Touchen End, England, does not claim the distinction of being an inventor but the machine in which she rides, herself, while she "wheels" her baby daughter about—may give someone an idea that will prove a boon to foot-weary mothers.

Mrs. Beard is not, as might be assumed, too lazy to walk behind a baby carriage. She is a partial invalid and has gone about in a hand-propelled wheel chair for several years. When her daughter reached the age at which she should be taken for a ride daily, Mrs. Beard conceived the idea of at-

Most Beauties Win One Prize; This One Captured 30



Miss Goodspeed, the Champion Girl, in a Becoming Ballroom Gown.

THE citizens of Salt Lake City may not boast that their community is the home of a Miss Universe, or even a Miss America, but they can, and do, point with pride to a remarkably comely and talented girl, just turned her sixteenth birthday. Her name is Muriel Goodspeed and, in her home town—the recently crowned Miss Salt Lake City with a to-do that would have delighted a real queen—she is looked upon as about the prettiest and cleverest bit of femininity extant.

In the ardent opinion of her fellow townsmen she is blessed with the face and figure to capture first honors in any contest of pulchritude that she chooses to enter, and if she doesn't get to be Miss America—well, it'll be because she didn't compete, or because the judges were blind.

Miss Goodspeed has, in her modest Harvard Avenue home, no less than 30 first prizes—cups, medals, certificates and ribbons—many of them awarded in appreciation of her pretty face and fetching figure and others pressed upon her because she beat many a group of contestants in the arts of dancing, elocution and music.

Twelve years ago, when Muriel was a precocious tot of five, she began her dancing lessons and immediately revealed herself as something of a prodigy. Leonard Sokoloff, at one time connected with the Russian Imperial Ballet, said that she was born "full of music and grace and beauty."



Muriel LaVon Goodspeed, Who Has Won 30 Contests of Various Types in Many States.

Before she celebrated her sixth birthday Muriel's mother had collected a thick scrapbook full of laudatory press notices about the child who had starred in a series of performances called the "Teeny Weeny" shows and kept the "standing room only" sign on the box office of one of Salt Lake City's largest theatres for seven weeks.

By the time Miss Goodspeed was 12, she was a full-fledged dancing teacher. She and another talented youngster, Katrine La Com—who was only two years older than Muriel—opened a school of the dance. They were successful from the first, and at one time had 150 little girls in their classes.

Muriel's mother, who, of course, is justifiably proud of her daughter, said that the girl was doing a splendid job and she hated to "meddle in her career," as she half-humorously put it. But her better judgment told her that it would be wiser for the girl to spend more of her time studying and less of it imparting her unusual gifts to others. So the girl that has grown up to be the prize-winning champion of the Mormon metropolis gave up teaching and applied herself to learning all she could about dancing, music and dramatics.

While she was acquiring skill in these aesthetic fields she was waxing more beautiful, and although it was not one of her girlhood ambitions to win beauty pageants, she thoroughly enjoyed taking part in the contest which came to a close with her coronation as Miss Salt Lake City, and cherishes the distinction as much as the door her honors won after years of study and hard work.

"I do not believe that beauty is its own reward," says Miss Goodspeed, "but good health and good looks are blessings that everyone who possesses them should be thankful for."

Muriel is thankful for her graceful physique, her pretty face and her vibrant health. And she shows her gratitude by taking excellent care of herself. She watches her diet and gets more sleep than the average young woman of her age. She is full of the joy of living, but she does not waste her energy on foolish activities. "Burning the candle at both ends," she says, "is a mistake that it is easy for girls with talent and good looks to make. People praise and flatter them, and in their enjoyment of this appreciation they neglect their mental and physical health."

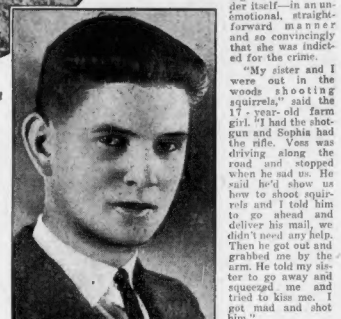
The Lonely Spot Where Nelson Voss's Body Was Found, Submerged in a Shallow Stream.

Scriptures were questioned. Five of them accounted satisfactorily for their knives. The sixth—one George Christoff, who lived on a farm about a mile and a half from the spot where the mailman's body was found—couldn't seem to tell the officers what had become of the gift that had become exhibit A in a brutal murder.

A search of the Christoff farm brought to light a shotgun and a .22-caliber rifle. The rifle was put in the hands of ballistic experts and the marks on it made as it twisted through the barrel of the gun, were compared with the marks on the slug found lodged in the body of the murdered man. The scratches on the two cylinders of lead were peculiarly alike.

The officers felt that they were near the end of the trail—the knife belonging to the Christoff boy and the bullet fired from the rifle found on the Christoff farm convinced them of that. Without further ado they arrested Christ Christoff, the head of the fam-

Nelson Voss, the Happy Young Substitute Mail Carrier. The Authorities Could Not Understand Until Stella Christoff Told Why He Had Been Shot by Two Guns—a Shotgun and a Rifle.



ly, his 15-year-old boy, George, and one, Steve Petroff, who lived on the place. Stella, Christoff's 17-year-old daughter, and her younger sister, Sophia, were held for questioning although the police expected little helpful information from either of them.

The Christoffs—father and son—and Steve Petroff appeared to be as mystified by their inquiries about the whole tragic and serious business, but they were locked up and charged with the slaying. Stella and her sister were set free as innocent bystanders in a sinister mess.

And then, out of a clear sky, came the surprising climax to the apparently solved murder mystery that has aroused interest far beyond the borders of Ed-

wardsville. The prosecuting attorney, believing that Stella Christoff could clear up some minor point concerning the movements of her father and her brother on the day of the killing, asked her to come to his office.

Suddenly, while he was questioning her, she blurted out: "Father or George didn't kill him. I did and I'll tell you why."

Then she told a story that a lot of folks in Edwardsville find hard to believe because of the attractiveness of the mail carrier's widow and his obvious affection for her. However, she related the events leading up to the killing—and the murder itself—in an unemotional, straightforward manner and so convincingly that she was indicted for the crime.

"My sister and I were out in the woods shooting squirrels," she said. "I had the .17-year-old shotgun and Sophia had the rifle. Voss was driving along the road and stopped when he saw us. He said 'Hello' and we both shot squirrels and I told him to go ahead and deliver his mail, we didn't need any help. Then he came and grabbed me by the arm. He told my sister to go away and squeezed me and tried to kiss me. I got mad and shot him."

The girl was clear on most of the details of the tragic scene, but couldn't remember much about the knife. It is possible that she took this along to pry discharged cartridges from the rifle in case they stuck in the breach. She told, in her simple way, how she fired the shotgun into the mail man's back and how her body had rolled down the bank into the creek, she took the rifle from her little sister and delivered an unnecessary and inaccurate "coup de grace."

The straight-shooting farmer's daughter sat unmoved as a jury of her neighbors found her guilty of manslaughter and when the judge sentenced her to from one to 14 years in prison. "Tell 'em to let me have a year," she said. "I'll sure be good."

The Dog That Committed Suicide

A MONGREL dog, nameless so far as anyone has been able to learn, was wandering about the Cincinnati waterfront. It was a small dog and would have been white if its fur had been covered with the fluff of the streets and the wharves. It was running for food when it saw two policemen approaching.

At the story goes, the dog had annoyed certain people in the neighborhood and was recognized by the officers as a vagrant of little use to himself or to anyone else. Seeing that he was being stalked, the little fellow leaped to the river bank. The policemen followed and it is said, one of them drew his revolver.

As the distance between the keepers of the peace and the animal became shorter, the dog moved to the edge of the wharf, his eyes fixed on the approaching figures and his scraggly tail tucked between his legs.

Before the policemen got close enough to him to be sure of dispatching him with a well-placed bullet, the dog—if his behavior is correctly interpreted—leaped into the murky stream and paddled awkwardly in the direction of the opposite shore. But he was too weak from hunger to keep afloat very long, and he didn't appear to be struggling very hard to keep himself up. With-out so much as a whimper, the vagrant went down—to all appearances a suicide.



The Prize-Winning Girl in Her Favorite Bathing Costume.

Columbia University Scientists Make Some Interesting Investigations Which Confirm Many Popular Beliefs But Also Reveal Several Surprises

He comments that among the 400 fact that many very poor homes, consider poverty in the such natural law, etc. He was fact that many ted to be boys, wanted to be a healthier children as as to philantestigators found any of them to on a small scale

Saved 62 Lives But Never Got A Hero's Medal

THOUGH he is a hundred times a hero, John F. "Gummy" Wilson of Norristown, Pa., has never received a Carnegie Medal. This man, 80 years old and one-legged now, has saved 62 people from drowning and has recovered 111 bodies from the waters of the sea and river, yet he is scarcely known outside of his home town. He lost one leg from injuries received in one of his life-saving feats, and now he is in danger of losing the other.

From time to time during his long career as a life-saver "Gummy" has received small awards and sometimes a few words of thanks. Five years ago he was publicly honored by his home town when citizens gave him a birthday present of a gold medal, inscribed as follows:

"Testimonial to John F. 'Gummy' Wilson, of Norristown, Pa., in recognition of his recovery of bodies of 106 drowning victims. Presented on his 74th birthday, June 16, 1928."

"Gummy" had already been in the life-saving business 68 years when he received these public words of praise. He saved his first life when he was six years old, and it happened that his father was the person he rescued. He was already a very fine swimmer, and he had been taking a dip with his father in Brandywine Creek, near Downingtown, the little town not far from Norristown where he was born. "Gummy" was lying on the bank of the creek resting when he heard his father yell for help. His father had been seized with cramps and would have been drowned if the child had not leaped into the water to save him.

Unfortunately "Gummy" never learned a lesson from this experience and five years later he was drowned. He had had another attack of cramps while in swimming, and this time his son was not around to rescue him. Three months later the body of the elder Wilson was found floating in the Delaware River. The tragedy left its effect on the boy's mind. He began to spend all his time roaming



"Gummy" Never Expected Publicity or Large Rewards. Life-Saving Was His Obsession. Once He Recovered the Body of a Boy from a Water-Filled Quarry Hole 110 Feet Deep. For Impressing His Quarry Hole He Received the Handsome Reward of \$2.

along the banks of the river, constantly on the lookout for anybody who might need his help. The rescue of drowning people grew to be an obsession with him. He became a sort of unofficial guardian of the Delaware River and found plenty of people to rescue. When he was still in his teens he decided to settle in Norristown and make life-saving and grappling his regular business. He would rather rescue people alive, but the recovery of the bodies of people who had been drowned was a job that somebody had to take, and "Gummy" took it. At least a dozen people owed him their lives when he was 20 years old.

Young Wilson was not the kind to seek publicity for his deeds. Life-saving was all in the day's work for him, and he never made a fuss over it.

"I never got a cent from anybody I saved from drowning," he says. "I seldom got even thanks. Of course, when a person on the verge of drowning is rescued, he is too sick to think of anything but his own condition. I'm not criticizing. I'm just explaining. Maybe they thought they were rescued by a paid life-saver doing his duty."

"I did get some money occasionally for finding the body of a drowned person. Once the Boy Scouts of Atlantic City and Bay Harbor gave me twenty-five dollars for recovering the body of one of their members who had been drowned in a creek while they were on an excursion near here. That was a hard gripping job, and I worked four days on it. Last summer I recovered the 111th body, but it finished me. I can't even get in a rowboat now, and I have to be pushed in a wheelbarrow."

The body which cost "Gummy" the loss of his right leg netted him five dollars. In the winter of 1930-31 he fell through the ice which covered Perkiomen Creek while he was trying to find the body of a young boy. His feet were frozen. He finally recovered the body, and later received a letter which read: "Enclosed please find check for \$5 for your work in finding my son Henry. I cannot afford more at present as I am out of work all winter. Thanks a lot & oblige."

Soon after the letter arrived, Wilson developed gangrene in his frozen feet. To save his life it was necessary to amputate the right leg. He also has had a lot of trouble with his left leg, for infection set in and there is only a slim chance that it can be saved.

Wilson's wife is an invalid, too, and they have had a hard time making ends meet. Last year they lost their home, and a friend provided a place for them to live. But the life-saver is still as courageous at 80 as he was when a youth. He would in fact believe there is a new person today, if he only could. But Wilson and his wife must spend the rest of their lives looking back on the past.

He has many more stories to tell. He has always taken a pride in his life-saving, and in the equally difficult and sometimes dangerous task of recovering lost bodies. He felt repaid for all his hard work, he said, when Judge J. Ambler Williams, who presented the gold medal to him on his 74th birthday, remarked: "There is a man who has led a life of service—a public value that is incalculable."

Wilson has found that most drownings and near-drownings are caused by cramps. He says most of the victims are not poor swimmers, but good swimmers who are attacked by cramps.

The Adam's Apple Tells Better Character Than Forehead or Eyes

OBSERVING the lower half of a person's face is more helpful in character-reading than studying the upper half, in spite of the general belief that the eyes tell more. A criminal being grilled by detectives will "give himself away quicker" by his Adam's Apple bobbing up and down in a parched throat than he will by his facial expressions. And in playing poker it is well to watch an opposing player's elbow—he may maintain his "poker face" like a mask, but his elbow held close to his body will show that he is excited about the hand he is holding.

These are just a few of the new tips that modern psychology has given recently to the science of character-reading, or "mind-reading," as it is used to be called. In grandfather's day people took seriously such "sciences" as phrenology, or reading the bumps of the head, and physiognomy, or face-reading. But modern experimental psychology finds them all unreliable guesswork, and in the past few years many experiments have been made to put character-reading on a practical basis.

There are many needs for it in the business world, as in sales work. In judging people as "credit risks," in employing the right kind of people for the right kind of jobs, and in many other situations where, as in poker playing, the little town not far from Norristown where he was born. "Gummy" was lying on the bank of the creek resting when he heard his father yell for help. His father had been seized with cramps and would have been drowned if the child had not leaped into the water to save him.

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upper lip raised a little, eyebrows drawn downward, corners of the nose raised, and forehead wrinkled. Each of these small details, taken singly, may not be noticeable, but the combination of all of them means somebody is "sore."

Dr. Knight Dunlap of Johns Hopkins, Dr. Christian Rukmick of Iowa University and others have proved by experiment that the lower half of the face offers more tell-tale signs than the upper half. The old theory about the eyes mirroring inside emotions so accurately has been disproved. The eyes are almost exactly the same, for instance, when a person is wrathful and when he is disdainful. The reader can prove this for himself by laughing into a mirror with the lower half of his face covered, and then by glaring contemptuously at himself the same way. Likewise, there is no change in the expression of the eyes when a person is highly elated and when he is absolutely disgusted.

Some faces are hard to read because many emotions are states of inner feeling that cause outside changes scarcely observable. Examples of these are parching of the throat and pounding of the heart. To detect these a person must be able to read voices as well as faces. Experience, detectives when grilling a suspect watch the Adam's Apple, which moves up and down as the person swallows. When a person swallows hard it means that his throat is dry from some inner emotion, probably of anger.

In the case of a woman, of course, the Adam's Apple reveals nothing because it cannot be seen. Here the inner emotion can be measured by the clutching, wringing and sweating of hands.

Gestures of the hands and arms, even when the facial expression does not change, enable a person to read emotions. The poker player who can't read his own face involuntarily moves his elbow or shifts his body. It is a gesture of protection.

Children, it has often been said, are good at reading faces because they seem to take an instinctive like or dislike for a person the first time they meet him. But Dr. S. S. Gates of Columbia University says that children are rather a wrong one when he studied nearly 500 children from three to fourteen years of age. He found that the three-year-olds could read only one emotion—laughter. The idea of a person expressing pain could not be grasped by any of the children less than six years old.

By seven and eight, children could not be recognized by children under seven, and that of four made no impression on children under ten. An expression of surprise could be read by children of eleven, but scorn was an emotion all missed except those who were considerably older than eleven. This is a point that may interest parents who use scorn and irony on their young children.

Studying motion picture actors to see how they "register" this and that emotion is of little use, character reading students, Dr. Laird declares, because the types of characters as well as their manner of expressing emotions have to be so exaggerated.

"After seeing 'Little Caesar,' for instance," said Dr. Laird, "one could live with the desperate but gentlemanly-looking Al Capone, but one couldn't tell the difference between a Sunday School superintendent. And nobody suspected the crookedness of the honest looking financier, Ivar Kreuger."

neighbor is usually asked to be the judge on the becomingness of a new outfit. Friend husband has his innings later, however, according to store merchants who find that the excuse "my husband didn't like it" leads when goods are returned.

Most women when selecting a dress for themselves like to be reassured by a friend or observer that the dress is becoming. Nearly one half of the customers were accompanied by from one to three persons. Only three women were accompanied by men.

Among one hundred and three customers 275 dresses were tried on or an average of five for every dress purchased. The majority of customers tried on five to ten dresses each, eight tried on five to eight each and one woman paid cash for fourteen credit was extended and she paid down a portion of the price.

The accusation that American women are like sheep in the store and often buy definite ideas when entering the store and often buy wearing apparel that unexpectedly catches their eye.

Snappiness and newness of style are more important to a woman buying a dress than suitability.

These are some of the observations made during a scientific study of women shoppers by Miss Esther K. Thorpe, Dr. May L. Cowles of the University of Wisconsin for the Journal of Home Economics.

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Chained Eight Years in an Iron Tank

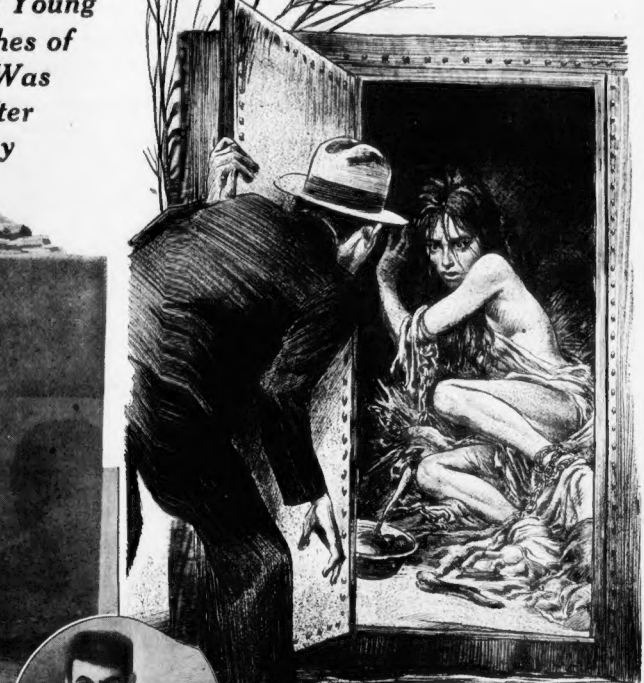
Tragic Experience of a Trustful Young Girl Who Fell Into the Clutches of a Half-Mad Wretch and Was Accidentally Rescued After Her Long Years of Misery



Miss Aurelia Boniforte After Being Scrubbed and Nursed at the Hospital and Dressed in the First Outfit of Clothes She Had Worn in More Than Eight Years.



Photograph of the Iron Water Tank Which Had Been Pried Over on Its Side So That the Lid Might Be Used as a Door. In This Case Aurelia Had Been Confined Until, at the Age of Twenty-two, She Was Discovered and Released.



The Police Had Been Making a Search of the Hermit's Hut on the Outskirts of the Town and Were About to Leave Then There Came a Curious Sound From the Disused Water Tank at the Back of the Shack. Detective Vera Stopped, Listened, Then Opened the Lid of the Tank, Which Had Been Pried Over on Its Side and Acted as a Door. Looking Inside, He Beheld an Object Hidden in Form but Uttering Noises Like the Mewing of Cats—Chained in the Tank Was the Missing Aurelia Boniforte, Who Had Disappeared From Home Eight Years Before, When a Child of Fourteen.

BUENOS AIRES, Dec. 1. THE police of the nearby Argentine city of Rosario have just uncovered a tragic situation which sounds like a tale of the Middle Ages. On the outskirts of the town they unexpectedly came upon a twenty-two-year-old girl, Aurelia Boniforte, who had been chained for nearly eight years in the narrow confines of a disused water tank. In that long period the girl had never washed, bathed or changed her clothes, or eaten any food that a dog would have touched unless goaded by the pangs of starvation.

The police seized Jean Guyoma, a Frenchman, who had drifted to South America after the World War. It was Guyoma who had lured the girl to his hut and had kept her a prisoner in her wretched dungeon all those years. This story, which might be called "The Mystery of the Haunted Water Tank," had its beginning on October 17, 1925, when Aurelia Boniforte, then a child of fourteen, was sent out on an errand by her aunt, Manuela Igarzabal, who kept a small hardware store in Rosario. Aurelia was entrusted with a parcel which she was instructed to take to a neighboring house, and she had also been ordered by her aunt to buy some vegetables for the evening meal, on the return journey. Aurelia delivered the parcel safely, but never called at the grocer's, nor did she return home that night.

Manuela Igarzabal reported her niece's disappearance to the police, who searched for her in vain during many months. Finally, all hope was abandoned.

Just about that time a French ex-soldier, Jean Guyoma, had arrived in Argentina and had set himself up on a small farm on the outskirts of Rosario. Guyoma's homestead consisted of a mud hut with a straw roof, a disused water tank measuring about one-and-a-half yards square, a few primitive agricultural implements, and two firebricks which were allowed to roam freely over Guyoma's land.

From the day he took possession of his farm, Guyoma never permitted the entry of any person. At the sight of any human being, he would arm himself immediately with a shotgun and stand in readiness to repel any attempt to get near to his house.

On the day that Aurelia had been sent on the errand from which she never returned, Guyoma had walked into Rosario to buy groceries. It was he who had first drawn the little girl into conversation and had persuaded her to accompany him to his dirty shanty about twelve miles distant from the center of the city.

Guyoma was beguiling and made no attempt to use any violence towards his little victim. But on reaching the farm, he put her into the water tank, from which she never emerged until the other day the police unexpectedly discovered her.

It is probable that, even Aurelia's own relatives had forgotten all about her when Detective Fernandez Vera of Rosario visited Guyoma's farm in the course of a search for fugitive members of a Mafia gang.

The detective had completed his search of Guyoma's hut and was about to leave with his assistants when there

came a curious tapping sound from the disused water tank at the back of the hut. Detective Vera opened the lid of the tank, which had been turned over on its side so the lid served as a door. Looking inside he found there an object human in form but from which issued noises like the mewing of a cat. Overcoming their shock at the sight that greeted their eyes, the policemen taking part in the raid dragged out the pitiful object, to find that it was a young woman, and not an animal as they had thought at first.

The girl was in such a state of filth that women police who were later entrusted with the task of bathing her, resigned their jobs rather than undertake the task. Aurelia had lost all power of speech. She could only make strange noises and stare with distraught eyes at her rescuers. The light blinded her. She was, indeed, only a human being in name.

Twenty-four hours elapsed before Aurelia was in a condition to be taken before the examining Magistrate, when it was found that her mind had become so deranged after eight years of a life worse than death, that it was left to the police to extract a full confession from Guyoma.

A half-wit himself, Jean Guyoma told his story haltingly, as though he, too, had almost lost the use of speech. His narrative took a long time to record. He would often stop and break down vacantly in front of him, and once he broke down entirely and begged forgiveness for what he had done.

When confronted by the police, he covered his face with his hands, while the chief constable, who accompanied him, wept, and tried to run away.

Guyoma's story was that he had come to Buenos Aires from France ten years ago in order to get married and buy land with his savings and settle down as a farmer somewhere on the great and fruitful Argentine Plains.

He had intended to marry while working as a waiter in a Marseilles eating-house. She had been a shop girl and they had known each other for a few years before the girl, whose name was Rachel, left for Buenos Aires. Guyoma assured her that met the girl he intended to marry and they would get married. Guyoma saved as hard and as fast as he could, meanwhile Rachel wrote him wonderful descriptions of the new country. She promised him wonderful riches and told him how wonderful a city was Buenos Aires. Avid-



Photograph of Edith Riley, the Washington, D. C. Child Who Was Kept Four Years in a Dark, Ill-Ventilated Closet. The Picture Shows the Poor Child's Emaciated Legs and Pipe-Stem Arms.

ly Guyoma read the girl's letters. She too, was making and saving money—now and again her letters would be accompanied by a small gift, a flamboyant tie, a silk shirt, and many picture postcards of the land of his dreams. At last the great day arrived. Guyoma set out for Argentina. He traveled alone, thinking how some day he would return to Marseilles with Rachel occupying the de luxe rooms, rich beyond all dreams with Argentine gold. All too slowly did the great liner travel southward to Buenos Aires. Guyoma was in a fever of impatience, part excitement at the thought of meeting Rachel again after so many years, part eagerness to become a farmer in this fabulous country.

Guyoma's one thought was to go as far from Rachel as possible, to leave Buenos Aires behind him and have nothing more to do with human beings, women especially. He would buy himself a plot of land somewhere and lead the life of a recluse. Thus he arrived on the outskirts of Rosario, named a vacant lot, settled on it, made

himself a house, grew a few vegetables and lived, as best he could, safe from intrusion thanks to his dogs and the Winchester rifle which he had bought with what remained of his hard-earned savings.

Now and again Guyoma went into the city of Rosario to buy a few groceries. He was making his way home on such an occasion when he suddenly stopped dead in his tracks—there in front of him walked the living image of the faithless Rachel, the same dark eyes, the same luxuriant hair, the same olive-tinted skin. Guyoma quickened his steps. The woman proved to be after all little more than a child fourteen years old, but the resemblance to Rachel was striking.

Was Guyoma prompted by some wild thought of revenge or did he, as he told the police, feel so utterly and completely miserable that he would be grateful for the companionship of this child who reminded him of his lost love? It is impossible to say, for Guyoma's account of this part became very contradictory and difficult to follow. Buying a few sweets, he went after the child Aurelia and invited her to come to his farm, "to see his chickens and pigs and horses." Aurelia, who should have known better, followed him quite meekly. Perhaps she was tired of her aunt's home and there was nothing in Guyoma's appearance to alarm her. He looked a friendly enough person, perhaps rather vague in his manner, uttering a little when he spoke in his still rather broken Spanish.

Once at Guyoma's home, the man realized that there would be a hue and cry for the girl, and without any hesitation decided to adopt her, then and there, putting her for the purpose in the iron tank which a previous tenant had left in the backyard. His half-witted mentality, weakened still further by his way of living, seems not to have grasped the enormity of his crime. That he knew that if he were discovered to have kidnapped Aurelia he would be punished. By hiding her no one would know of his act, he reasoned, and the safest place in which to put her was undoubtedly the tank. He bored three holes in the lid, which served as a door. Then without further ado he pushed her into his prison, deaf to her anguished cries and entreaties.

During the first month, Aurelia was never allowed out of the tank. Guyoma gave her now and again a little yerbamaté (Paraguayan tea) cooked in milk, or else a bowl of gruel. After a time, however, Guyoma would take the girl out, in the dead of the night and further ill-treat her. When she cried

and beat her, and the kick and gnaw the dogs, he kept their barking should drown her piteous appeals for mercy and for help. Soon she lost all semblance to an intelligent human being; she became a naked half-starved creature, a completely changed that even her aunt, Manuela Igarzabal, when called to the police station, failed to recognize her until she discovered a birthmark on the girl's shoulder which gave her a clue to Aurelia's identity.

The doctors are still unable to say whether Aurelia will recover from her terrible experiences, but it is meanwhile she is being looked after by her aunt who hopes to nurse her back to life and to sanity.

As for Guyoma, opinions are divided as to his mental condition. He is either the half-wit he pretends to be and therefore not entirely responsible for his actions, or else he is a human monster. His punishment will depend on what the court finally decides about his mental condition, but whatever his sentence he would never be confined in anything approaching the inhuman tank to which he condemned his innocent victim.

When the newspapers from North America arrived here two years ago this fall with the revelations of the finding in Washington, D. C., of a pitiful, emaciated little Edith Riley, who had been kept for four years in a dark, unventilated, filthy closet by her father and mother—much interest was taken in the details of this extraordinary case. It was hardly believed that the poor, twelve-year-old little girl could have been so brutally treated. The photographs printed in the American newspapers showed the child's emaciated legs, her pipe-stem arms and emaciated body, which weighed not half what a normal child of her size should weigh.

In her dismal closet prison the child had been shut up like a dog in a kennel and she had neither a toy to play with nor a mattress to sleep on. And when a mother—such interest was taken in the details of this extraordinary case. It was hardly believed that the poor, twelve-year-old little girl could have been so brutally treated. The photographs printed in the American newspapers showed the child's emaciated legs, her pipe-stem arms and emaciated body, which weighed not half what a normal child of her size should weigh.

And now the facts in the case of unfortunate Aurelia Boniforte, here in Argentina, parallel in many ways the sad experiences of poor little Edith Riley so many thousands miles north of here. Like the mistreated American Edith who was kept in a dark, unventilated closet by her father and mother, Aurelia had forgotten even the rudiments of life and custom in a civilized community.

The Troubles of a Modern "Messiah"

One Widely-Acclaimed Holy Man Refuses to Play the Part Any Longer and Another, Who Hasn't Spoken a Word in Eight Years, Still Declines to Give the World His Promised Message



Encampment of a Thousand Disciples of the Young Indian "Messiah," Krishna-murti, in the Hills Near Los Angeles During a Congress of His Followers.

MORE than eight years ago Shri Meher Baba, a holy man of India, announced that he had an inspired message that would straighten out all the world's troubles.

Crowds dropped work and hurried to hear the good news. But the Baba would not tell them and never has to this day. For fear a crumb of wisdom might fall from his lips he has only communicated with his adoring followers by sign language and occasionally, when this was not sufficient, spelling out a sentence by pointing to an alphabet board.

Naturally there was disappointment when the crowd had to go home to its uninvolved troubles no wiser than it left. A few irreverent persons called the holy man a practical joker, comparing his promising a message of salvation and then shutting up, to a person who threatens to sneeze but doesn't do it. A sneeze or a message that had been suppressed nearly nine years would have to be pretty good when it did explode, in order to justify such awful suspense.

But that shows how little they know about the traps and problems that beset the path of one of these modern messiahs, such as Jeddus Krishnamurti and Mahatma Gandhi. By simply keeping his mouth shut, the Baba has avoided all these troubles and built up a large following all over the world, including the wealthy Princess Norma Matchabelli, who has given up her worldly life to spend her fortune and time waiting on the silent messiah by inches, in the pious hope that she will be there to take down the message when the "enlightened one" finally decides to let go of it.

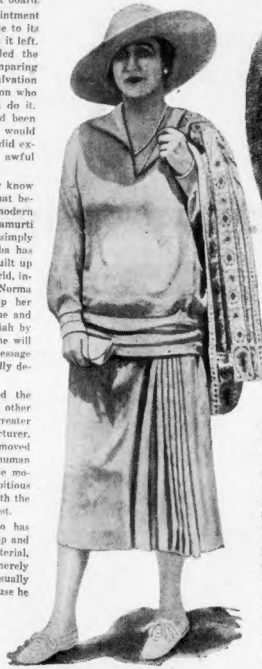
Recently Meher Baba toured the United States, visiting among other places, Chicago and drawing greater crowds than the most learned lecturer, all in the hope that he might be moved to reveal the secret that all the human race is waiting to hear. But the moment was still not quite propitious and he went back to England, with the secret hidden in his swarthy chest.

This messageless messiah who has contributed in return for his keep and worship not a single bit of material, labor or expressed thought, merely sits and thinks. He is an unusually impressive artist and thinker because he happens to resemble Prof. Einstein, who also sits and thinks. But Prof. Einstein, in order to become a celebrity, had to say something.

The Baba is much better off today than the other messiah, Krishnamurti, who also comes from India, like most messiahs of the present. Why these message bearers, yogis, mahatmas, hahs (enlightened ones) should come from the most unenlightened, backward, hungry, poverty-stricken, sickly and generally unhappy large country of the globe is one of these awful things that have not yet been revealed.

Probably no messiah, since the idea first started in Egypt, nearly 1,500 years ago, ever had such a good start as that of Krishnamurti, who was discovered and vouched for by the late Annie Besant, International President of The Theosophical Society, as the true successor not only of Buddha and other celebrated messiahs but even of the Christian Saviour Himself. He was the son of a native Indian, a first-rate young, good-looking, educated, intelligent and of flawless moral behavior. Also he seems to have been sincere, with no notions that he was a messiah until that famous woman so informed him. Mrs. Besant felt that a messiah was overdue, and, looking around, her eccentricity told her that this attractive, modest boy was the vehicle through which the divine message was to come.

When the news was flashed to all countries it created a sensation, but though there was some discussion at



The Princess Matchabelli, Who Gave Up Home and Career to Become a Devoted Follower of Meher Baba.

first among the millions of Theosophists, the tremendous influence of their leader caused the great majority to accept the youth at her own valuation. A great international organization, "The Order of the Star," was formed, with Krishnamurti as its head, to receive and spread the new gospel. The sincerity of the members is proved by the way funds poured in. These allowed the boy to travel around the world in state like a prince, though old-style messiahs had to go it mostly barefoot and begging their way.

In Australia, a huge concrete stadium was built especially to hear and see him. They showered wealth on him in the form of real estate in various parts of the world including the Castle Garden, in Ommeen, Holland. In Paris he attracted a larger and more imposing gathering of wealthy society women than probably would have turned out for any other foreigner except Lindbergh. Col. Lindbergh had to risk his life to become known, but Krishnamurti merely had to travel around in luxury, and while waiting for the message to come, make a few very simple addresses to his followers. It seemed about as easy and success-



Jeddus Krishnamurti, a "Messiah" Appointed by the Late Annie Besant, the Head of the Theosophists of the World.

ful a career as could be imagined but those addresses were finally his undoing.

They were harmless platitudes at first and certainly not inspired. Also he was carefully protected from newspaper interviewers who sometimes have a shameful habit of asking embarrassing questions. But his own followers asked for help in their own simple problems. It seemed to them and to him that this consecrated vessel of wisdom ought to have some ideas of his own.

Being a conscientious young man, Krishnamurti tried to make good, studying the ages of the past and repeating their messages in modern terms. But to his dismay, the criticism was:

"Old stuff! That's no message."

Even that dishonored advice as to make long fasts to aid clear thinking brought criticism. Scientists had experimented with fasts and found that far from aiding clear thought they made it almost impossible. Actual facts have proved that long fasts tend to cause hallucinations, weakening and upsetting the brain as much as the muscles and organs.

Fading thoughts are half-crazy thoughts. The way to think straight is to have a good night's sleep, a light breakfast and a good cup of coffee. Then if a person has any brains he can use them to advantage. Press and letters told him that it was not only an old idea but a poor idea. One day he had an inspiration, at least the idea was his very own and not copied from any previous messiah. He said: "Live splendidly!"

That is the way ninety-nine out of every hundred people would like to live if they had the money to manage it. But virtually all previous messiahs, in good standing, had preached just the opposite. They exhorted everyone to live as slaves, shabbily and hungrily as possible, some even considering dirt a positive virtue. So there was another indignant storm of protest. Even those who were frank to admit sympathy with the idea said the advice was no good because he did not tell them

how to get the money on which to live splendidly. Had he been able to tell them that he might have been a very popular and successful messiah.

Some were unkind enough to point out that Jeddus was living splendidly on the gifts of others. Being a sincere young man, anxious to be a good sort of messiah, he promptly handed back all his wealth but still persisted in wearing well-cut European clothes, playing tennis and attending afternoon teas. Tea and tennis are not exactly sinful nor is admitting a keen interest in baseball, but somehow they did not seem fitting in a messiah.

His was a thorny path. Though Krishnamurti had been pursued by many of the world's most successful camps, eager for the notoriety of an affair with the eminent young saint, there had never been a breath of scandal about him. However, even the best things he ordered his followers to make the sign of the cross. This was an excellent idea in getting members where Christianity predominates and was approved by his Christian following. But in India the Hindu members opposed it vehemently.

In disgust the messiah disbanded the organization saying that his message was for the whole human race and no society or creed. He was now free from his society, his worldly possessions and soon broke away from his sponsor and discoverer. In 1931 he turned up at Los Angeles, unannounced, and when discovered by the press, stated that his interview would no longer be "staged." He said that



Shri Meher Baba, a Holy Man of India, Who Says He Can Work Miracles and Has a "Message" for Mankind. He Has Not Spoken a Word for Eight Years and Now and Then Answers a Question by Spelling It Out With His Fingers on an Alphabet Board.

The other day the ex-messiah turned up as the guest of Lady Latens in her English country home where he had once before visited, at the height of his splendor, but now he was frankly down and out financially.

"I am just living," he said. "I'm a beggar now. I roam from country to country, living first with one old friend and then another. I have no home, no property nor money in the bank."

"I could have been a rich man. For years people showered money offers on me. Besides a magnificent castle in Holland, with 100 acres of gardens, I was offered \$10,000 a week by Hollywood film interests and they were eager to build a beautiful temple for me. I was maturing then and did not know quite what to think of these things. But when I found women actually worshipping my picture, I knew that it was all wrong."

While shouting evangelists have made themselves rich, this young man has impoverished himself because his conscience would not permit him to accept wealth and worship. Meanwhile Shri Meher Baba, whom the irreverent call "the dumb Einstein," is not so dumb practically. He still sits silently thinking, but he "sits pretty." He has never enjoyed the dizzy height to which his brother messiahs reached, but he has never fallen from them. Nobody bothers him because he won't talk and nobody criticizes his message because nobody knows what it is. He has since Georgia whence came the Madonna in Reinhardt's "The Miracle," and "got religion." She never got over it and became a follower of Meher Baba.

She was divorced from the Prince not long ago, and he was quoted as saying: "When the Princess thought she would enter into this religion of Baba we decided she should go her way and I should go mine. But we are still good friends."

To some people the Princess's choice seems a wrecked and humiliating life. But if by chance the Baba really has an important message and does not procrastinate delivering it until death releases him permanently, the Princess will be forever famous and holy in sacred history. Long after the last Georgian princeling is forgotten.



The Late Dr. Annie Besant, Who Picked Out Young Krishnamurti and Staked Him on His Career as a "Messiah," Which He Has Now Abandoned.

Dr. Besant had dramatized him and theology though probably unconscious.

Whether consciously or not, it should be said in Dr. Besant's defense that no messiah could be put over with the public unless staged, dramatized and given plenty of "atmosphere and scenery." For instance Mahatma Gandhi, though preaching the simple and inconspicuous life, dramatized himself in the most startling manner possible the last time he went to London. Had he really wished to be simple and inconspicuous he would have worn conventional clothing, instead of that brooch clasp which made him more conspicuous than would ten brass bands and a troop of cavalry.

Krishnamurti, free to be himself, rapidly destroyed all the glamour that had surrounded him. He said:

"I am no actor. I have refused to wear the robes of a messiah. But Christ is potential in all of us." By these plain, honest statements, Krishnamurti stepped down from the divine pedestal on which Dr. Besant had placed him, to the ranks of ordinary people, where he was just a nice, sincere boy, who had traveled a lot. Since the depression, people were less interested in spiritual values than in cash values, in less in future enjoyment than in present employment. This boy seemed to have no message on these questions. Men lost interest and now that he had given up both his worldly property and his divinity, so did the women. Mrs. Besant died but before that he had dropped out of sight.

The Surprising Romances and What Followed

Rich and Fashionable Boston Aristocrats Who Picked Brides Outside Their Social Set to the Dismay of the Eligible Society Buds

FIVE years ago three young gentlemen of New England married three young women and raised a storm of argument as to what would happen to them.

The marriages were entirely legal and proper, but there couldn't have been more protests and general hullabaloes if they had been bigamous.

The trouble was that the bridegrooms happened to be Francis Lee Higginson, Jr., Frederick Lopham Ames and Hugh Cabot, Jr., representing three of the very oldest, richest and bluest-blooded families in the country, whereas their brides were Miss Dorothy Lucas, a swimming pool instructor; Miss Maurice Mosette, night club entertainer, and Miss Louise Melanson, a trained nurse—all three working girls.

The criticism seemed to be coming largely from the society debutantes who should have won these matrimonial prizes and from their mothers who guide them in the stratosphere of Boston's Back Bay society. But answering voices arose, especially among the mill girls of Lawrence and Lowell, saying: "What of it? What's the objection? Why shouldn't these elegant and wealthy boys marry ordinary girls? After all, isn't love the only thing that really counts?" The girls, having had to work for a living, will be able to appreciate the value of money and the boys will have wives who are grateful for being lifted socially as well as financially.

It sounded reasonable, and anyway that is the way it turns out in the movies. Maybe, as the mill girls said, "the dowagers and the debs were all wet."

The dowagers thought otherwise. According to their experience, for a husband and wife to get along happily both must come from the same level of society and thus have the same interests, tastes and standards about what is the correct thing to do. Otherwise, in spite of the best intentions, they soon settle down to boring and annoying each other. It is a sort of involuntary mental cruelty almost certain to end in divorce.

Of course, time would tell who was right and the question was how much time? The mill girls agreed that if the marriages lasted five years they must be considered successes, no matter what happened afterward. Not very long ago romances were supposed to be failures unless they lasted a lifetime, but these were modern boys and girls and they had to be judged by standards of modern youth. At that only one of the marriages has gone this very moderate distance. It was the last of the three, the romance of Hugh Cabot, Jr., and the nurse.

Mr. Francis Lee Higginson, 3rd, aged twenty-three and destined to a controlling position in the old Boston banking firm of Lee, Higginson & Co., was sent in the year 1928 on a round-the-world tour to see the sights before settling down to his desk. The first sight and the one that impressed him more than any other was a young woman doing fancy strokes in the "Franconia's" swimming pool. She was Miss Dorothy Lucas, the ship's professional swimming teacher. Mr. Higginson had graduated from Harvard and needed no further education, even in swimming. Also he was born in the "social swim." Therefore there was no reason why he should give a swimming teacher a second look.

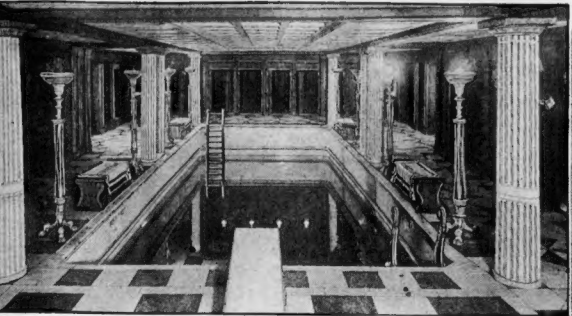
Nevertheless he did, noting her face and figure with approval. His experience with other women had taught him that a pretty face and figure rarely go together and he was struck by the coincidence that in this case they did. However, he made a mistake. He had not seen her with her clothes on, "she wouldn't look so hot." When he spotted her that evening, in the moonlight, Mr. Higginson admitted to himself that he had lost it.

This triple coincidence moved the young man to get acquainted and prove something his parents had cautioned him about. They had told him that no matter how pretty and worthy a girl might be, he would find that eventually she had nothing in common with him if he came from another social level. The two conversed at all possible opportunities, all the way round the world, so that when the ship returned to New York Francis was certain that he had thoroughly explored Dorothy's mind.

The results made him wonder how his father could make correct judgments in financial matters and yet be so woefully wrong about women. Why, the



Miss Maurice Mosette, the Bride of Young Frederick L. Ames, Boston Millionaire. This Photograph Shows Miss Mosette Competing in a Diving Contest in Los Angeles.



The Swimming Pool on the Cunard Liner "Franconia."



Young Hugh Cabot, Jr., of THE Cabots of Massachusetts Society, and the Hospital Trained Nurse, Miss Louise Melanson, Whose Marriage Starved Boston's Fashionable Debutantes.



Wandering About the Great Ship, Young Higginson Came to the Swimming Pool, and for a While He Watched the Fancy Strokes of a Young Woman Who Soon Emerged From the Tank—And on a Closer Observation of Her Face and Figure, She Seemed to Fill All the Requirements of What a Girl Ought to Be.

two had everything in common and agreed on everything, even to how nice it would be to rescue her from the need of exhibiting herself to the public in a one-piece bathing suit, something which some of his society friends who had attractive figures seemed to enjoy doing on all occasions.

Before the steamer docked, young Mr. Higginson thought he knew the explanation. The elder Mr. Higginson, no doubt, was right about all other such women, but Dorothy was different from all other women, an exception which his father could not have known existed. They became engaged and while the "Franconia" was back on her regular transatlantic route, was carrying the exceptionally perfect Dorothy toward England, Francis undertook to describe and explain his discovery to his parents.

What was said on that occasion has not been revealed, whether the idea persuaded his parents that old youth are obsolete or whether he won by the customary argument of saying he would marry her anyway, can only be guessed. Whatever happened, he soon was steaming across the ocean to be on the dock the next time the "Franconia" landed at Liverpool. They were married at the little town of Blundellands, where lived the bride's father, a marine engineer.

One of the afflictions that beset such unions is the horrid habit the groom's high-society friends have of giving the cold shoulder to the bride. These occasions the frost-bitten wife usually has long and unpleasant boudoir scenes with her husband which do not tend to keep the matrimonial bond. To prevent this possibility, Francis had been given a position with the London branch of his father's firm, thus keeping the pair in England where the groom's Back Bay friends could not get at the bride to high-tail her.

All they had to do was live happily ever after. But one or the other, perhaps both, was moved to take up residence in Boston where, it is said, the social-register ladies "put on the ice" to Dorothy just as might have been expected. The other day both were found suing each other for divorce. Mr. Higginson brought his suit first, in Reno, charging extreme cruelty but not specifying the details. Possibly it was the involuntary kind the dowagers had prophesied.

When the papers were served on Dorothy at No. 274 Beacon Street, Boston, she turned around and brought a suit of her own, charging cruelty and also not specifying. However, she attached to her complaint that Reno paper from her husband. As most everyone knows it is cruelty to sue a wife for divorce unless the husband was it. Also she said that he had deserted her in 1930.

Whenever was the divorce, even the most modern and romantically-minded person must admit that a romance which lasted only two years is something of a flop. It would seem that two young persons may be so intoxicated with passion that they cannot tell whether they have anything else in common or not, until after marriage.

There must have been something unusual in the Boston climate during 1928, because young Frederick Lopham Ames, of an equally old, honorable and wealthy family, suddenly decided to go West, not to seek his fortune, because he was inheriting more than he would ever need. He did it in the most modern way, in an airplane, accompanied by a mechanic and his mother's prayers that he would not come to harm.

Something caused the young aviator to veer away toward the South until he finally landed at the border and stopped

over the line at Nogales, Mexico. There, ever since prohibition, had sprung up every wild form of entertainment, likely to cost the dollars of Americans who had wandered over to have a drink. In a night club he found the inevitable dancer, singer and hostess in the form of Miss Maurice Mosette who had achieved additional fame by competing in a dish-washing contest and an automobile race for lady drivers.

From both of these she emerged with high honors, but why should such talents appeal to a young millionaire who was able to hire all the chauffeurs he needed and whose wife would send her orders to the kitchen through her housekeeper? Also, Mr. Ames had seen bigger and better night clubs in the East.

Nobody would have guessed that this girl, in a wild night club, in a wild town, would have any message for the New England blue-blood but Mr. Ames thought she had, married her then and there, sent his mechanic home by rail and gave his bride the empty seat. On the way home he had the prudence to call his mother by long distance and break the news that he was bringing a wife along. He assured the elder Mrs. Ames that she would just fall in love with the new one as soon as she saw her.

The possibility of this love at first sight between mother-in-law and daughter-in-law was somewhat diminished by Mr. Ames himself, who, on landing on the grounds of his mother's estate outside of Boston, managed to "crack up" and therefore introduced his bride with a limp and a black eye.

This marriage began in a plane and ended in one when Mr. Ames crashed in November, 1932, at Southboro, Mass. He was killed, but his two passengers, Frank P. Sroufe, son of the

Pittsburgh banker and Miss Frances Burnett, twenty-two-year-old heiress of the vanilla millions, survived. This leaves Mrs. Ames a widow living in Boston, with her daughter, Sally Blair Ames, now almost four years old.

It was rumored that the Ames romance had become shaky before the accident, that a divorce was in the offing, after which it was expected by some that he would marry Miss Katharine Armstrong, a nurse. This was denied, but Miss Armstrong put in a claim against the aviator's estate of \$100,000 for "services." Nurses are highly paid, but Boston society has not been able to figure out how a healthy young man could get that much in debt to a trained nurse, even if he had been an invalid.

When Hugh Cabot, Jr., let it be known that he was about to wed Miss Louise Melanson, a trained nurse, it created more consternation than either of the other romances because it was the third within one year, making it look as if Boston were having an epidemic of "these things," but also because the name of Cabot is absolutely the oldest and most aristocratic of all. Hugh is descended from John Cabot, the great explorer who, under Henry VIII, was a historic character seventy years before Shakespeare. Morgans, Astors, Vanderbilts and Rockefellers may have a little more money but, compared with that ancient family, they are mere new-ry-rich.

Nurses have a chance to exercise their charms on even the richest and most exclusive men when these fall sick. But Miss Melanson did not make con-

tact that way, because young Cabot was too healthy. However, his father, Dr. Hugh Cabot, a noted Boston surgeon, was continually in the hospital which was usually the surest place for his son to find him. And what young man ever went through a big hospital without noticing those fluttering white skirts and that attractive professional expression on the faces above them?

Hugh came, saw and was conquered. Twenty-four hours after the news that a nurse was to marry one of the "uteri-utter" Cabots stunned Boston, the city was completely knocked out by hearing that it had actually happened. Most astonished of all was Dr. Ashley Webster Oughterson who had thought he was to marry Miss Melanson until he read in the papers that she had become a Cabot.

The ceremony was performed in St. Cecilia's Catholic Church in the Back Bay, where the bride's mother and many others of her family turned up but the crowd looked in vain to see Dr. and Mrs. Cabot give their parental blessing or any other of the various uncles and aunts, known to live within a short distance.

These absences caused so much comment that finally a statement was issued explaining that it had been caused by illness. There must have been a special Cabot-attacking microbe on the rampage that day, but it did not bother Hugh Jr.

That young man fooled everyone by his marriage and now he has fooled them all again by staying married five years, living quietly at Braintree, Mass., and apparently happily.

?AdvancePhotog

The Military Strategy of t Will Be to Drop Poison G Not on the Soldiers in th Women and Children Attempt to Reach T Washington to Force



Twenty-four Friendly Italian Military Airplanes Came Across From Italy a Few Months Ago. If They Had Brought Along Their Poison Gas and Explosive Bombs and Dropped Them on the Capitol in Washington, a Photographers on the Spot Might Have Gotten a Photograph Something Like This.

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WHEN and if a new world war breaks out, it is the belief of the military experts that the most disastrous consequences will come from poison gas and powerful explosives dropped from the air. In earlier times the soldiers met on the battlefield, and the casualties were among the troops. But in the present strategy of war the unarmed men, women and children in the cities and along the countryside will also be the victims. Indeed, military experts have said that the safest places will be the trenches and the front lines instead of at home.

Spies from the secret service departments of every great European country are prying into the secrets of the chemical warfare laboratories of other nations. When a new and more deadly poison gas has been reported, attention is given to trying to provide gas-masks which will neutralize the new gas.

In England, France, Italy and Germany not only the soldiers but the citizens in the homes, on the farms and in the business houses and factories are being given gas-mask drills. Nurses in the hospitals and teachers in the schools are taught how to attach the masks to their patients or pupils.

The Nazi Government in Germany has ordered constructed in Berlin a sample house, equipped with a gas-proof cellar, designed for refuge when the city is attacked. This is an unbroken concrete box, shaped like a square, inverted bell, and is built inside the ordinary cellar of the house. There are no windows or doors, but the bottom edges of the inverted box dip into a deep trench designed to be filled quickly with water in case of alarm. Inmates of the house or factory or office building may then enter the protected inner box by diving through this water in the bottom of the box. The water is expected to keep out most kinds of poison gas, germs or other attacking agents. Ventilation is provided, and the building of these gas-proof refuges will be ordered all over Germany by the Hitler Government.

Even the Government of Turkey has issued orders to every city and town to prepare refuge cellars for use of the civilian population in case of gas attack.

Denmark has on hand a supply of gas-masks sufficient for the entire civil population. They are to be distributed by the army equipment factories and sold for about \$5.08 each. Plans have been drawn for gas-proof rooms in schools and other buildings. All the population of Japan has already been supplied with gas-masks.

But in the United States there are neither gas-proof refuges nor gas-masks for the men, women and children who are not on the fighting line. Would the United States be in danger of poison gas attack or destructive bombs dropped from the air by a hostile nation on the other side of the ocean? Well, a fleet of twenty-four Italian airplanes crossed the ocean and made a friendly visit last Summer. If they had brought poison gas and explosive bombs and had endeavored to use them, what is there in the military defenses of the United States to have stopped them?

But hostile airplanes do not need to fly over the ocean to attack American cities. Submarines are now built with a

compartment to carry an air-bomber. A fleet of these vessels might creep across the ocean hidden beneath the waves and rise close to the shore, discharge the airplanes—and they are here without warning.

Unfortunately the efficiency of defense against air and gas attack is not equal to the offensive. Anti-aircraft guns are efficient up to 9,000 feet in the hands of very skilled marksmen, but at 20,000 feet the airplane is safe from attack. From such a height it is impossible to aim with good effect at single buildings or units of men, but it is entirely practical to bomb large cities like Boston, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, etc.

All sorts of schemes and devices have been tried out to protect a city against attack by enemy airplanes. A system of captive balloons linked by steel wires has been planned to trap airplanes. Experiments have been made with various "rays" with the object of stopping the magnetos of an airplane at a distance. But none of the various devices has proved effective or reliable. Of course, an overwhelming air force, ready to carry the offensive into the heart of the enemy's country at any moment might prevent air attack, or if the hostile planes were approaching they might be beaten off, scattered or destroyed before an attack.

M. Paul Failloux, former Minister of War of France, recently pointed out that military men believe that the best strategy of an air attack would be upon the industrial life of the nation and the legislative chambers and government executives rather than against the soldiers in the field. Thus the non-combatant men, women and children and the high officials of the government would be the sufferers, in the belief that this sort of warfare would most quickly bring a nation to the point of surrender.

Thus, if the United States should be involved in a war with a foreign power well equipped with a fighting air force, it might be that the White House in Washington and the national Capitol would be the objective of the enemy squadron bringing gas and high explosive bombs. Irrelevant commentators have remarked that the casualties resulting from a gas attack on Congress in session at Washington would, for the most part, not be a national loss. It has also been pointed out that if the statesmen and diplomats who vote declarations of war were compelled to

Another problem is presented by the fact that a high place is the best refuge from a gas attack, but the most likely target for a bomb.

There is a natural tendency to take refuge in subways, as many people did in London and Paris during the airplane raids in the late war. Such places will be deathtraps in the gas war of the future, because most gases used are heavy, settling gases, and it will be necessary for the police to drive people away from them.

On the other hand, conspicuously high buildings and towers like the Empire State Building and the Woolworth Building will be safe from gas, because it will not be practical to let loose sufficient gas to cover the earth up to such a great height. But they will not be safe from air attack, for they will be natural targets for the aviator and will be specially subject to destructive bombing. No place in a large city will offer any kind of safety, and comparative security will only be found on a range of mountains, where a man can wander in and out among the ravines, free from observation and raised above the effects of settling gas. It is suggested that in congested places airtight gas refuges supplied with compressed air may be provided.

It is not far-fetched to imagine that the Capitol at Washington will be made a target for aviators in the next war. It is known that the German aviators aimed at both the Paris Chamber of Deputies and the English Houses of Parliament in the late war, but did not have sufficient accuracy. The technique of military aviation has progressed enormously since then. Moreover, the Washington Capitol is a much more conspicuous mark than either the French or the English buildings referred to.

It may be expected that the Capitol will be subjected to a combined gas attack and destructive bombing. The consent of Congress is necessary for a declaration of war. Let us suppose that the Senate is debating at great length the question of declaring war on a power which has shown hostile intentions.

Suddenly in the middle of the night a rain of bombs comes crashing down through the great dome upon the weary legislators. Poison gas begins to fill the chamber. The Vice-President, trying to maintain order, will begin to cough and soon will be seized with an acute pain in the lungs.

As there are many officers familiar with mili-

suffer the dangers and cruelties of war not many wars would be voted.

Social philosophers imagine a flirtation being carried on in gas-masks by persons who have become thoroughly familiar with their use. Without such training a happy beginning might end in a dismal tragedy.

tary aviation in Washington, it is probable the legislators will be quickly provided with gas-masks, but they will not be able to speak in them. Is it conceivable that they will be able to carry on their duties under such circumstances? It seems probable that the National Government would be paralyzed.

It is, of course, impossible to predict at this moment just how powerful will be the air bombs used in the next war, for many devices are kept secret and improvements are constantly being made. Bombs weighing five tons are being carried by large planes. If a shower of such large bombs could be dropped on Washington, it would destroy all the Government buildings, while a few gas bombs of similar weight would wipe out all life.

An effective bombing attack would tend to cause anarchy in any city, as was proved by some criminal classes in the late war. Gangsters and the



When the News Came That Enemy Both the Young Men and the Would Take the Precaution



Some of the Children Population and Boy Scouts Who Happen to Be Equipped With Gas-Masks Giving First Aid and Removing the Dead.



Rogue Brigades Searching the Parks to Find Nurses Who Have Been Overcome and the Babies Suffocated in Their Baby Carriages.



Street Scene of the Rescue Corps in Gas Children Who Had

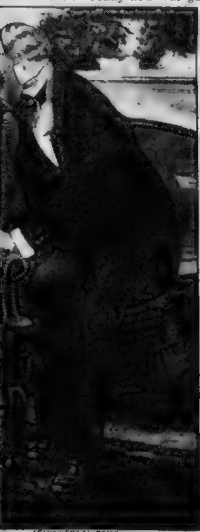
Graphs of the Next War?

The Enemy, It Is Predicted, as and Explosive Bombs, the Field, But on the Men, Behind the Lines, and those in Authority in a Quick Surrender

livid from the effects of the gas after a few hours, even when wearing masks.

There are various defenses against gas besides the mask. Certain liquids sprinkled around will absorb the gas. It is expected that the gas attack will precede the destructive bombing because disorganization can be produced by the former with less expenditure of money and effort.

Incendiary bombs will be employed to add to the terror and destruction. These will burn up all the buildings and ruins in which people have sought refuge from the previous bombing. The new incendiary bombs are filled with oxide of iron and barium mixed with magnesium and aluminum. The combination is set off by a detonator and the explosion that follows is so violent that it sets up a temperature of 5,000 degrees Fahr., which will burn up everything, even steel forts. Many new war gases are being



Enemies Had Invaded the Country, Smeared the War, Vainly Put on Their Gas-Masks.



Masks Picking Up the Men, Women and Children in the Streets.

otherwise they would be turned into death-traps by a cloud of settling gas.

The range of big shells has been enormously increased, until forty miles is a common range. These shells can be charged with gas.

Medium heavy artillery is made highly mobile, so that the enemy cannot locate the gun. There are no longer satisfactory for pulling the artillery, as they cannot work in gas-masks. Rocket shells are being made that are driven by progressive explosions while they are in the air. They have little accuracy of aim, but have an enormous range—perhaps 100 miles or even more. They will be useful for attacking large cities.

It is considered almost certain that airplanes carrying bombs will be driven by wireless. Experiments have amply proved the practicability of this device. With these planes it will be possible to bomb a distant city—as far as the United States from Europe—without risking the lives of any of the assailants. The bombs will also be released by wireless.

Helicopters will take the place of the inefficient captive balloons and blimps for observation purposes.

Tanks will admittedly play a much larger part in the war of the future than they did in the past. These also can be guided by wireless. A force of men entrenched or encamped on the surface will find themselves overrun and blasted out of existence by a horde of lifeless mechanical monsters. Hence the need for underground refuges and long tunnels through which an army can retreat or advance.

The ultra-sonorous sound waves will also be employed in war to detect the approach of airplanes and tanks, and especially that of underground tunneling, which could not be perceived in any other way.

A gas has been invented which sticks to walls and solid substances, does not blow away and will retain its deadly effects for days.

New rays are being experimented with that will explode shells and ammunition dumps at a distance, penetrate steel forts and blow them up.

General Ludendorff, who was perhaps the most original commander in the late war, has written a book in which he declares that a world war threatens us in which all people will be destroyed by shot and shell, gas and famine.

The new deadly gases that are being prepared are so numerous that it is only possible to refer to a few of them. Cyanhydric acid in minute quantities will cause immediate death. Chloride of cyanogen has the effect of wrecking the nervous system in a few minutes. Bromide



Red Cross Doctors, Orderlies and Nurses in Their Gas-Masks Bringing in Those Overcome by Poison Gas.



Scene in the National Congress at Washington, If It Assembled to Listen to the Customary Opening Prayer When Enemy Airplanes Were Circling Overhead and Bombarding the Capital With Poison Gas, Which Was Beginning to Creep Into the Chamber. Of Course, the Proceedings Would Be Short, Because the Chaplain, Speaking Through a Gas-Mask, Could Not Be Heard.

and iodide of cyanogen produce similar effects. One part in 100,000 of chlorine will wreck the lungs and cause the sufferer to die of edema. Bromine affects the bronchial tubes and eyes, producing such copious weeping that the person attacked cannot see for many hours.

Many of these gases give warning of their presence by peculiar smells. Phosgene has a smell like chocolate. A bomb weighing 1,500 pounds will give out 25,000,000 cubic feet of poison gas. Its harmful action is not perceived quickly, but it is deadly in time.

Phosgene, another poison gas, gives out an odor like rotting leaves. This gas acts by checking the breath and makes it impossible even for those slightly affected to do any work. Oxide of carbon causes death to come on slowly and imperceptibly and without pain.

Xpente is a very painful gas, causing great blisters in the most tender parts of the body. Mustard gas has also been largely used.

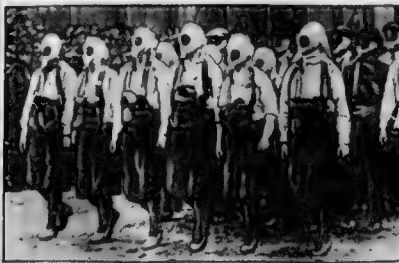
Diphenylchlorarsine is the name of a gas that causes uncontrollable sneezing. It would be very effective in breaking up legislative bodies.

And it has just been reported from Paris that Professor Leonce Bert, a research chemist, while working on a preparation of perfumes discovered the worst gas of all. Gas-masks will offer no protection from the deadly gas, since the whole body is open to attack. The fumes blister the lungs, nose, eyes and the entire body, even when kept covered. A little of the gas applied to a spot on the skin of a dog killed him.

All prohibitions of the use of poison gases are futile because, for one reason, they are used and produced in some of the commonest industries. No officer faced with defeat or annihilation will fail to make use of materials lying close to his hand. Chlorine, for instance, one of the most effective poison gases, is used in the manufacture of indigo and black dyes.

Aerial warfare will, of course, be carried on as tenaciously as on land. Poison gas bombs will be aimed at ships, and if they succeed in striking will inevitably destroy all life on the ship on account of the confined living conditions there. Flying boats of the Do-X type will be useful in carrying vast quantities of poison gas and explosive bombs to distant countries like the United States.

New incendiary bombs are reported to have



Orderly Retreat From the Factory Where the Women Mill Workers Have Been Provided With Gas-Masks and Given Training.

been invented in Europe of a material called elektron, which is almost pure magnesium. Once lighted, this cannot be extinguished. A small quantity of this would, under favorable conditions, burn up an entire city. Bombs are made of it weighing only one pound, and a large airplane could carry a great number of these, sufficient to burn up several cities.

Fiveton bombs are already carried by military planes, but it is expected that they will soon be increased to ten tons. It is estimated that ten tons of poisonous gases of various kinds would be sufficient to infect an area of a square mile, which, in a city like New York, houses about 100,000 population.

In despair at the unlikelihood of establishing dependable defense against poison gas attack from the sky, some experts have proposed that new cities should be built to give relative protection against aerial invasion. They would set up high buildings, placed far apart, so bombs would not have their force increased by exploding between high walls in enclosed spaces. The height of the buildings would give a refuge against gases which tend to settle to the earth. But the colossal expense of rebuilding our great cities makes such proposals out of the question.

Lieutenant-Colonel Vauthier, of the French Army, one of the most distinguished aviation experts in France, has been endeavoring to arouse his country to the danger of air and gas attack. "The danger is terrible," he writes. "The risk may be fatal to the country. No method of defense can absolutely guarantee the country, or even a single zone, from attack. Defenses, however, may prevent an attack from being decisive and limit the losses in human life and material which they may inflict on the nation."

"Certain signs indicate that the country (France) is being transformed with a view to air defense. Great works are already under way and a national plan of defense is being studied."

"These plans will profoundly alter the appearance of the country. Incombustible buildings, constructed very high, to insure pure air above the zone infected by gas, will be built. They will be without enclosed courtyards, which cannot be disinfected quickly."

"Methods of transportation, industry and commerce must be reorganized for the same reasons. Certainly every builder today should adopt methods to meet the aerial danger."

Another French writer states that high metallic towers of light weight will be constructed in cities and industrial centers, so that workmen can take refuge in them from air and gas attack, and the industrial life of the country, which is essential to the conduct of war, may not be entirely suspended.

The entire population will have to resort to these towers at the first alarm of an air attack. Then perhaps the air forces of the defending country will beat off the attack and the workers will be able to return to their duties for a time.

No individual in even the least civilized country on earth is permitted to use poison gas or explosive bombs on his fellow-man. And yet nations, which are collections of individual citizens, go ahead with their inhuman devices and plans.

An Entirely New View of Cleopatra

Not a Wanton "Vamp" as All Historians Have Called Her, But When the Roman Legions Threatened to Overwhelm Her Army She Threw Her Own Voluptuous Body Into the Scale---and Conquered Mighty Caesar, Professor Kemble Asserts



The Relief of Cleopatra, from the Temple of Astarte, accepted by Archaeologists as an Authentic Portrait. And, on Right, a Persian Head of Cleopatra, Probably the One She Was Living With Julius Caesar in Rome. Property of the British Museum.

QUEN CLEOPATRA was not a wicked, wanton voluptuary but one of the most brilliant and patriotic women, perhaps the greatest who ever lived and surely the world's most misjudged queen," says Professor James Kemble, Ch. M., F. R. C. S., in his recent book, "Idols and Invalids."

Dr. Kemble wonders if anyone thinks he could have done better for his country than did this seventeen-year-old girl who succeeded the throne of a world-conquering Rome, led by its greatest general, Julius Caesar, was ready to devour Egypt, the hopelessly inferior armed forces. A great military genius like Napoleon or Alexander, provided he had plenty of time, might have whipped the Egyptian army and navy into shape to make some resistance. But there was no time. The world's greatest power, led by its greatest general, did not wait.

If ever a nation was doomed at that moment, it was Egypt. Yet this flapper queen rose to the hopeless emergency and saved her country. But after she had achieved the impossible and everything was secure and serene, the assassination of Julius Caesar made it necessary to do it all over again with different tactics through Antony. Though the "breaks of fortune" were all against her, this extraordinary woman managed to dominate the civilized world until she was thirty-nine years old.

She might have died mistress of the world, with her son to succeed her, except for one slip. At the battle of Actium the eternal feminine temptation to do a little "back-seat driving" asserted itself, and all was lost.

The Roman wolf, frustrated by this woman single-handed for twenty-two years, now sprang over her dead body at Egypt's throat, and Roman historians, as was their custom, took vengeance on her name by maligning her.

Even more astonishing than what she did in what Cleopatra was a living refutation of one of the most common beliefs of modern times. It is against the laws of civilized countries for close relatives to marry because such inbreeding is supposed to cause mental and physical degeneration. But there is any truth in that belief, Cleopatra should have married not only any Roman, but any Greek, as the Roman historians said about her, but much worse. She really ought to have been a helpless imbecile and invalid.

For 300 years most of Cleopatra's male ancestors had married their own sisters. But even the Romans admitted her superior health, endurance and vitality, never sick and bearing children without complications, and a life of such strenuous activity, weary uncertainty and deadly peril that it might well have made a nervous wreck of a queen. Of course he brags during all that time it is proverbial. It should be remembered that Cleopatra had not a single drop of native Egyptian blood in her veins, but that did not make her a foreigner, considering that her family had ruled Egypt for a period twice as long as the United States has been in existence.

Dr. Kemble states that the inbred



When Cleopatra Met Caesar She Was Brought to Him Rolled Up in a Rug, Practically Unaided (as Shown in the Upper Picture), and She Fascinated The Elderly Conqueror of Simple Tastes by Her Mentality. But—When She Set Forth to Win Mark Antony, Known as the Stage-Manager, Their Meeting in a Sumptuous Barge With Women Swimming Beside It Like Mermaids and Dressed in Her Most Gorgeous Robes and Jewels.

pedigree of the Ptolemies has no parallel for length or intensity and that Cleopatra, its final product, has few equals in excellence. He lists it briefly as follows:

"The first Ptolemy was the son of Lagos, a Macedonian general of Alexander the Great. His mother was a relative of the King of Macedonia. With few exceptions, throughout the three centuries that this family ruled in continuous line upon the banks of Egypt, the Ptolemies all married their own sisters or near relations."

"Of the few marriages outside the family only one, so far as we know for certain, was with a woman other than a Greek. This woman was Cleopatra the First, of Syria. But for this one intrusion in the whole family tree, our Cleopatra, the sixth of that name and

usually designated the Great, was therefore pure Macedonian Greek."

That Cleopatra should turn out to be such a superior human being, a sort of superwoman, will probably not surprise most modern stockbreeders. These know by experience that inbreeding of good stock increases its good points and that only stock with bad points deteriorates under the process. The Ptolemies had made the eugenic experiment on themselves, partly because they had been told that some of the ancient Pharaohs had married their own sisters with good results, and partly because common sense warned them that letting in Egyptian blood would produce vicious half-breeds.

Such was the pedigree of the young flapper who had to save her country from the jaws of Julius Caesar, the cynical Caesar, it would have been

hard enough for this mere child if there had been no opposition in her own country. But, following law and tradition, she had to share the throne with her younger brother Ptolemy Dionysus whom she was supposed also to marry. But this "half brother" being easier for the court politicians to manage, he was persuaded to join a conspiracy which drove his "bosom" sister from the throne and took away all her royal rights.

It was at this wretched moment that Caesar came to the Egyptian capital, Alexandria. Cleopatra, robbed of even her half of the throne, had not a soldier or a galleon to send against the most powerful man of the world. She had only her own beautiful self. A soldier gives his life for his country—this maiden of seventeen gave her chastity.

The Suicide of Cleopatra by the Bite of an Asp, Not, as Historians Have Said, Because of Grief for Mark Antony, but Because She Had Failed to Save Egypt for a Third Time. (From the Painting by Hans Makart.)

Roman historians as one that she was a bad girl at heart and did not care, but there is no evidence of this. Nor is it likely that this refined descendant of three centuries of royal lineage, enjoyed giving herself to a man who had been mated with women, who was no longer young and already showed signs of balding.

Much has been made of Cleopatra's dramatic and ingenious introduction to Caesar, who had refused to waste his time seeing a down-and-out Queen. It is said that she had a eunuch carry her into the great man's presence, rolled up in a rug. Caesar scarcely looked up from his dictation, as one more of the endless stream of presents was unfurled. But when the dazzlingly beautiful girl-queen, nude or nearly so, picked herself up and addressed him, Caesar took notice. After all, this was just a trick and not so remarkable as what followed.

The world-wise old Roman rascal was not very hard to vamp. He had been interested in innumerable women who had won small favors from him. His fleeting passion was easily caught but to hold and dominate the master of the world was another matter, something which had not been done. This could only be accomplished by mental appeal. It would be an extraordinary flapper that could interest so well a man of Caesar's years and intelligence. But he was seventy years of inbreeding from one of the best human stocks in the world had produced a mind such as Caesar had never encountered. It fascinated and conquered the conqueror.

Her first move was to get Caesar back to Egypt, to put her back on the Egyptian throne. It meant an unnecessary war for him, but that was nothing compared to pleasing this fascinating marvel. The last Ptolemy was a feeble old man and had no chance of holding the throne.

By that bit of "back-seat driving" on Cleopatra's part and Antony being more of a lover than a soldier, the pair threw away their destiny. Fick in Egypt it is said that Cleopatra, at the age of thirty-nine, the great queen, died, according to Dr. Kemble, into a history.

Egypt where she might have time to think and plan her world all over again.

Her spies kept her informed of Roman events. Power was in the hands of three men, one of whom she must make her own, which one? Of the triumvirs Lepidus she knew was negligible. Octavian was more or less woman-proof and did not yet gather the power which was to make him essentially the Emperor Augustus. Antony was, at his height, supreme in the Senate and, though showy and theatrical, an able general and popular with the army. He was her man to capture, but Cleopatra waited for the right appearance.

Antony provided it by a court summons to present herself at Tarsus where he was encamped with his army. There to explain why she had failed to help him and Octavian in the civil war which had destroyed Brutus and Cassius. Cleopatra knew that this was a pretext for debauching her and depopulating Egypt, about which there would be no fooling this time, the triumvirs thought.

Cleopatra had appeared to Caesar in person at all. Now she sailed up the river Nile in a fabulously rich galley with perfumed sails, silver oars, a canopy of cloth of gold, with music, incense, gold and jewels, waving fans, and every luxury the mind of man had invented at that time. Caesar might have smiled at such ostentation but Antony, the showy, was overwhelmed at such showmanship. He forgot that he was a culprit coming to be tried and invited her to dinner.

Queen invited him to a series of banquets and entertainments such as no woman and no man had never seen. This woman who, at seventeen, had talked "hunchbrow" to Caesar now, it may have strained Egypt's treasury to win him, but for twelve years he was her devoted lover and the army was safe. During that time he bore him twins, Alexander Helios and Cleopatra Selene, and then another son.

Turning that time the storm was gathering in Italy where Octavian, attacking strictly to business, capitalized his hatred for the woman who was protecting her country, and finally came the day of reckoning at Actium. Octavian's judgment told him that he had the better army, and, doubting the strength of their combined fleet, he wanted to avoid a naval battle and settle the issue on land. It happened that he was right, but Cleopatra had been so often that she could not resist seeing this job, too, and Antony followed her.

Antony's troops won, but out at sea where he and Cleopatra were engaging the sailors of Octavian they could not win. What Cleopatra saw was that she must turn with Octavian a mile. The naval battle sea-sawed indecisively for some time. On one of the periods of lull, Cleopatra turned her back, turned and fled, and Antony, in desperation, pursued her. Seeing their leaders deserting, the other crews gave up the fight. On land, when Antony's victorious army learned that the man they were fighting for had scuttled away, it also thought it might as well melt down with Octavian's army.

By that bit of "back-seat driving" on Cleopatra's part and Antony being more of a lover than a soldier, the pair threw away their destiny. Fick in Egypt it is said that Cleopatra, at the age of thirty-nine, the great queen, died, according to Dr. Kemble, into a history.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Lambert says he has been told by some of the natives that they are still waiting for the ship to return. He says he will try to find out more about them.

CHAPTER XXV.

A Woman's Way.

thers we'd get what we wanted. Soon as he went down he spotted a pile of stuff just under what used to be the bows of the Con- tinent. All sunk and covered with mud. But by the very lie of the timbers he knew there was stuff there. See what I mean?"

He saw what the Kanakas couldn't see, because he knew what to look for, and they don't.

"Can't you direct them? You

"No," he said so violently that she started. "No, I'll never do that. I'll never do that!"

"But—"

"But—And think what you like. I'm not going down."

"I'm likely to be a long job," he said.

He gave a surly grunt and they turned back towards the beach—

"What are you going to do about Lambert?"

"Lambert? Who cares what we do with him? Chuck him overboard. I've got no time to waste."

"What makes you keep on about him?"

"What makes you?" He's nothing, you know."

"Frig!"

"I'm in love with you, though," Thirner said jealously.

"I'm in love with you, too," she said.

"He's only a kid. He doesn't know what love is."

"I know most," she said.

"I know most," he said, in a stent, echoing voice.

"I've loved most sorts of women, Christine. When I say loved, I mean."

"I know what you mean," she said.

"Well, then," he said, brutally, "isn't that what they're for? Most of 'em are fools—lovely, witless fools, made for stroking and a man's content. It's what they want, too. Nine out of ten

"'em, anyway. I know what you're thinking. You're going to burst out into lamentations for the virtue of these unfortunate females. Rot! Women aren't naturally virtuous. It's an acquired taste. Don't waste your sympathy on 'em, Christine. Most of 'em were mighty pleased about

"Nine out of ten, perhaps. But

"The tenth . . ."

He stopped, and she stopped with him. He heard her quick breathing in the dark.

"The tenth woman is the sweetest," he said, a little thickly, because she's hard to get."

He felt for her hands, and she thrust them resolutely behind her back.

"Are you trying to say I'm the
enth?" she asked, and he caught
the tremor in her voice.
"Christine—"
"Oh, Tercherini," came an
anger voice, "him kai-kai all same
ot now."
Trehern turned on his heel



**Christine
Thought: "I
mustn't let him
see I'm fright-
ened." But It
Was Hard to
Conceal Her
Fears From
Those Black,
Unwinking Eyes**

He moved a little, so that he could see her, and fixed his eyes on her.

"You're lovely," he said slowly, "and you're the first one of your kind I've struck. You're not like the hen-witted idiots that they call women in these parts. You'd have made a fine man, Christine."

"If I'd been a man—"

"You've got ten times the pluck Lambert had. Why, I wouldn't mind betting that you'd have gone down to the wreck if you'd been in the longboat last time. Eh? Would you?"

She didn't answer. He stood up, and pointed to where she sat. The whiskey that he had drunk inflamed him. She thought: "I mustn't let him see I'm frightened."

But it was hard to conceal her

**Those Black,
Unwinking Eyes**

fears from those black, unwinking eyes. He was beside her now, and his hand lay near hers on the sand. Nearly the worst day of the war, the pet steamed unnoticed. Treherne felt silent, with a queer, intent silence that would break presently into violent action. Christine sat perfectly still, well aware that the slightest movement on her part would force a cry.

Without warning, Treherne said, "You hate me, don't you, Christine?"

"Yes," she retorted, "You're top dog for the time being, but I'm lamed if I care. When you kill me, I'll be glad."

"Say that again!"

"It's true," she said, passionately. "Of course it's true. Like. Whatever you do to me, you can't hurt me more than you've hurt me."

rent of pity. How he must have suffered, she reflected. What torture must have been his through the years! And the fear of a discovery—the haunting thought that one day his daughter might learn the truth. Oh, why hadn't he told her himself? What had made him shrink so from the relief of sharing his secret? He must have dreaded the effect on Christine's attitude toward him. If she could only have reassured him—told him that nothing mattered.

"Christine."

With an effort she jerked her thoughts back to the present.

"What is it?" she said listlessly.

He flung a swift, hard arm about her shoulders and drew her against his body. She felt his lips on her forehead, her mouth, her throat. She felt his hot, dry hands on her skin. With all her force she struggled, hitting out at him savagely. She caught him on the jaw and heard his surprised exclamation. The air was full of sound, and she became aware she was swearing aloud, ripping out oath after oath, as she had heard

Allen den times of stress
 Deherne was breathing quick-
 ly, like a man after a race. The
 sweat stood on his neck in col-
 drops "You fool, you—fool!"
 hammered his brain, and he knew
 it was true, and yet could not
 stay his greedy, seeking hand-
 his lusting mouth. Oh, what was
 the good of waiting any longer.
 Life was so uncertain, death so
 the sea so sure. Let him take
 what he could now, even though
 it meant he must spoil the fruit
 at which he snatched in dumb

By heaven, but she was strong
Ah, but he was stronger. He
held her fast, waiting grimly till
she lay spent and weak with the
strain of her vain effort—
"No good," he said, exultant-
ly. "No good, Christine. You
haven't got the ace this time."
"What a fool you are," she
said, and he was disconcerted at
the amusement in her voice.
"Why do you want to rush it like
this? Where's your sense, Chris-
tine? You've got me and you
can do what you like with me."

"But—why do it like this? You know nothing at all about women."
"What?"
"You're a fool," she said, raising herself a little. "Do you suppose I don't realize that this thing's inevitable? Very well, then, I submit. But—how crudely you are, Treherne. Haven't you learnt yet that a woman likes to be wooed, likes to pretend that she has the choice of saying no? If you weren't a fool—"

She was playing for time. I

he could hold him off even for a night—who could say what chance might come to her aid? She talked on, in a slow, quiet voice, caring little what she said or promised, so that she might gain a respite. Treherne found himself listening, almost against his will. He thought, "She's right, blast it. I'm spoiling any chance that I may have with her."

He relaxed his hold and she gave him a quick, nervous smile. "Oh, I give in. I've borne you a grudge about — about my

her. Now I know what sort of a father it doesn't seem to matter so much. You thought I hated you. Well—I did. But now—now that I know about him—things seem different. I'm glad to see you. I'm glad to be with you."

He let her go and she sat up rearranging her coat with steady hands. He made an effort to get back to the commencement.

"What about some food?" he

and they began to eat in a seclude, detached, amicability. Christine listened while he spoke of men whom he had met and things which he had done. He talked well, because of the quickening in his heart at the thought of what she had said. Oh, she'd come around all right. She'd be as tractable as a child. And all the sweeter for this delay. Why, what had he been thinking of? What madness had taken him that he should try to possess her in this unmannerly fashion? For

the first time in years Trcherne condemned his own want of judgment. No wonder she had repulsed him with such vigor. Serve him right, too, he told himself, with a twinge of enjoyment in his novel self-criticism. Was

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